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PUBLIC ADDRESSES,

COLLEGIATE AND POPULAR.

BY D. D. WHEDON.

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DEDICATION.

TO THE

CIRCLE OF PUPILS AND FRIENDS

BY WHOSE INVITATION MOST OF THESE PIECES WERE

DELIVERED,

AT WHOSE REQUEST SOME OF THEM WERE SINGLY

PUBLISHED,

THIS COLLECTION IS RESPECTFULLY

DEDICATED.

THE CLASSICS.

AN

INAUGURAL ADDRESS,

AS

PROFESSOR OF ANCIENT LANGUAGES AND LITERATURE,

IN THE WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY,

AUGUST, 1833.

INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

BETWEEN the enunciated word upon the human lips and its correspondent idea in the human mind there is no natural and no necessary connection. Language, when viewed in the light of an invention, must be considered as the application of sound to the purposes of the conveyance of thought; and so viewed, appears the mightiest of all the achievements of combining intellect.

Considered, however, as a divine endowment, most strikingly simple, indeed, is the providential arrangement. The intellect might be stored with treasures of inestimable knowledge; the imagination may be all gorgeous with vivid imagery; the bosom may throb with heaving emotions; yet, without this magic key to unlock their sources, they must be suffocated in agonized silence. Man would be a virtual idiot, though endowed with the loftiest capacity, and a real hermit, though surrounded with the densest society. Yet, mark how simple the apparatus which Providence has adjusted to the most exalted purposes. The whole process is performed, the whole object is gained, by sound — vox et preterea nihil. Within some prolific intellect awakes to new existence the eloquent thought, seizes the buoyant sound, and flits, a living messenger, a winged fancy, through liquid air, and descending upon the congenial organ, and melting into other minds, becomes a thrilling impulse to surrounding thousands. By an analogous process, the word becomes associated with the written character, and the mighty conception of one master spirit speeds a more than lightning

flight, through space and time, to far distant continents and far coming centuries.

Amidst the remains of antiquity there are two preëminent languages, that stand in unrivalled solitude, the magnificent depositories of departed genius. Other nations have indeed existed, and they rise upon the imagination like shadows, vast and magnificent, indeed, yet shadows still. But our own ancestral traditions are scarce more familiar to our youthful ears, than the glorious recollection of Grecian arts and Roman arms. Who has not been often and eloquently told that they reared in noblest grace the architectural column, they drew the most thrilling melody from the silent shell, they gave the most speaking life to the sculptured marble? Their arts have been the amateur's raptured admiration, their eloquence the scholar's model, their heroism the patriot's inspiration. Philosophy first lectured in their lyceums, liberty thundered her undying echoes in their forums, and poetry peopled their sceneries with forms of living ideal beauty, until every forest, dale, and hill, became classic and consecrated, and "not a mountain reared its head unsung."

Objections are often, indeed, expressed against the study of the productions of ancient genius. We frequently hear it complained that they have a too little practical character, and too feebly avail the young champion upon the arena, and amid the bustle of life's arduous contest. Be it so. But might I suggest that excitement is too much the characteristic of the age—that the youthful pulse beats but too early, and too intensely for the maddening contest; that the vortex of the political whirl is but too absorbing, and fascinates too frequently the ardent eye of young ambition? May I ask, should there not exist at least a class, less practical, if you please, retired from the intoxication of the active aspirants, of gentler nerve and milder tone, who love the classic grove and the academic hall, and who there, in their sphere of quieter usefulness, might form an allaying element amid the ferment and the whirl; who might temper the *distempered* pulsations of the young aspirant, rushing to the contest, and before he engages, form him to gentler tastes, and open to him, in his own mind, elements and traits which he would

never discover amid the rush of the multitude ; who might dispense precepts of integrity, stigmatized, indeed, as impracticable, by the hackneyed adept, yet so effective as to guard his steps in many a trying moment, and elevate his views in many a depressing hour ; who might store his imagination with generous and lofty conceptions, pronounced, indeed, romantic, by the common-place, yet so ennobling in effect as to exalt his nature, to render him the inspirer of lofty conceptions, illustrious purposes, and animated action in other minds ; who might, in fine, create within his soul an entire department of intellectual resources, denounced as worthless, indeed, by the utilitarian, and totally beyond the reach of the arithmetician's figures and the economist's scales, which, though they may add not one farthing to his estate, nor one inch to his successful career of ambition, may constitute, in his own breast, a treasure which the Indies could not buy, a moral elevation to which the presidential chair could not exalt ?

There are places and times in which it is emphatically the rage for people to be practical ;—and practical they are with a vengeance. This feeling is sometimes extended into an affectation of barbarism. There is abroad a spirit of literary fanaticism, that under the pretence of ultra-utilitarianism, would, we might think, with one flourish of the torch of Omer, send the whole world of classic literature to join the ashes of the Alexandrian library. Making the five senses supreme umpire, it estimates the value of any object by its transmutability into consumable material. I, too, would claim to be an advocate of utility ; but not of such a utility as they would propose. True utility would prompt us ever to store the youthful character with generous sentiments, refined taste, and varied acquisitions. In so doing, we should communicate many a fact, and many a principle, which the scholar might subsequently have, in fact, no actual occasion to use ; which some would, therefore, pronounce useless ; but of which any liberally educated gentleman would blush to be ignorant. A lawyer, or a minister, may never, in the course of his professional life, have occasion to mention the fact that Jupiter was the supreme deity of Grecian mythology ; and yet who would not smile in contempt, if such a man, on such a sub-

ject, should expose his ignorance? A countless multitude of facts, whole departments of knowledge, may exist in the mind, which the possessor is never called to apply in practice, but the acquirement of which has communicated a discipline to the powers, and the possession of which presents a richness and a range of thought that constitute alone the completely accomplished character. True utility would dictate that to such a model should be formed the educated gentleman of our land, — a character where every nerve of the mind has received its full training, every department of the intellect has been so stored, and every weight of the character so equipoised, as to present that object, on earth most supremely beautiful to the mental eye, the finished model of complete intellectual symmetry.

It has been sometimes complained that the youthful mind should so long be employed upon mere language—simply words—words—words. But how much are mankind governed by these same words! The philosopher, who said that words were things, pronounced an apothegm of far more wisdom than pretence. Things they are, and powerful things too. To obtain the mastery of the energies of language, to acquire the art by which the marshalled array of sentences outrivals in gigantic effect the marshalled array of bayonets, to possess the magic mystery of binding in the fascination of uttered syllables, and ruling with more than imperial sway the wilderness of free minds—these are objects for which ambition believes that years of toil are a cheap requisition. But what method better than classic study for the acquirement of such a mastery of language? Not only does the student, by a knowledge of etymology, acquire new perceptions of the force of a large part of his own language, but from the comparison with a far different structure than any which any modern language affords, he acquires new ideas of the mechanism of language, and new powers of collocation and arrangement. He is obliged to pass from the circle of his own little vocabulary, and range and ransack through the whole extent of lexicography, to equip the idea which his author obliges him to clothe in words. Hence every language lesson is, in effect, an effort at composition, in which a given idea is propounded, for which the scholar is to supply the phraseology. The whole mass of English lies funded in his

lexicon, and upon this he is obliged successively to draw, until the whole language has passed repeatedly through his use. During this process he is obliged to examine, reject and select, to weigh well the force of term by term, to catch the slightest shades of difference, and to discriminate with critical accuracy the least palpable niceties of idea. It is difficult indeed to imagine what process can more effectively discipline the mind to a copious command of language, or that any mind could pass through such a process without feeling, within itself, the new acquirement of such a mastery.

Frequent reference is made to those who without such training have become eminent authors, in disproof of its use and necessity. A Franklin, perhaps, or a Shakspeare, found no such training necessary, while hundreds have passed through this process without its bestowing upon them any superior power of eloquence. And do these extraordinary instances of less educated greatness disprove the necessity of education? Dulness may exist, which no polishing can brighten; while on the other hand, brilliancy may shine, which no deficiency of refining can obscure. If an untaught Hogarth could snatch up his pencil, and, laughing at all rule and defying the whole combined academy, with every touch of fearless genius could bid living nature stand forth upon the canvass, did he demonstrate that all rules were restraints upon genius, and all academicians pedants? If he could dispense with the lessons afforded by the experience of other masters, must we forget the numbers whose tastes have been nurtured and whose hands guided, until every conception seemed to soften into faultlessness, and every touch glow to perfection? The uncouth vigor of unpolished genius is becoming less and less acceptable to the growing fastidiousness of the public eye and ear. Advancing public taste requires, not so much the bolder stroke of genius, as the more exquisite finish of refinement. When we are told that the frequent exhibitions of the most perfect oratory among the ancient Athenians had given a delicate discrimination even to the market women, we cease to wonder at the labor of their rhetorical preparation, or that the prince of orators should have considered the cave, and the mirror, and the sea-side declamation necessary to meet the demands of the public taste.

It would appear to me that little need be said of the comparative worthlessness of *translations* as substitutes for the original classics. Genius is untranslatable; you may parallel the phraseology, but you can never translate the mind of antiquity. He whose taste at all qualifies him to appreciate or feel the beauties of finished style, must be aware, that whatever constitutes the charm of any given passage must be peculiar to its own mould of expression, and if that mould be broken, all that gave it its most exquisite magic is marred. Who that knows what beauty of language is, has not felt, in the process of composition, nay, perhaps, of conversation, that on some occasion language afforded but a single term which would most completely hit the exactness of his meaning? or that if a period has been so exquisitely rounded to his own taste, that any marring its proportions would despoil the felicity of its execution? Change a word, the finish is dashed and the spell broken. It has now received the impress of his peculiar mind; if his be the mind of heaven-thrilled genius, he has left there a dash of its ethereal spirit, and depend upon it, it can never be transferred. It is unique. Let now a foreign mind endeavor to catch that spirit in a foreign phraseology, and mark how it will evanesce in the transfer. The idea does not flash upon the translator's view with the vividness of the original conception; his mind may be tempered with different elements; his periods may be tuned to a different melody; his native language possess a foreign spirit, or if generally congenial, it may not have an idiom to hit with a happy touch the precise crisis of idea. One, or all these causes together, must ever give translations the whole impression of a different mind; and prove, as it strikes me, most conclusively, that you cannot translate the genius of antiquity.

Scarcely necessary is it, at this day, to urge the particular importance of a knowledge of the original Scriptures to the theologian. One language there is, indeed, of special importance to him; a language which stands apart, sanctified and peculiar—the venerable Hebrew. It speaks to us from the glooms of the farthest antiquity, like the voice of Omnipotence from the cloud-wrapt Sinai. It is the language of holy seers and heaven-rapt bards—of the sainted, the inspired, and the martyred—of the psalm, the prophecy, and

the law ; nay, Jehovah's own voice hath echoed its syllables. Its fragments now remain like the ruins of some broken temple, whose every relic bears the impress of the once present Jehovah.

It is not asserted that every minister must be a profound critic, nor need we be asked if we expect them to be able to correct the learned translators of our common version. Without being specially qualified to untie a knotty philological point, it may be safely asserted, that a moderate scholar would see more luminously the exact vein of inspired thought in the sacred originals, than can be the case when veiled by the most transparent translation. Nor would I assert that no one can be a successful minister of the cross, without the ability to read the Scriptures in their own dialect. The names of many a burning light of the Church, through every age of her eventful history, beam forth in glorious refutation of such an assertion. The fact is, that there is an immense range of theological knowledge in our own language too often neglected by the classical, and sometimes by the Biblical critic, the pages of which are well worthy to be turned by his "daily and his nightly hand." Through this field should he pass, he might occupy a position in the varied departments of the Church, fully as important and as useful as his whose powers have been lavished for years upon the analysis of etymologies. The minister of Christ may, and should, indeed, make the whole intellectual world tributary to his purpose. He may range through every field, and find a flower for the paradise of God ; he may ascend into every atmosphere, and borrow a ray of illustration to beam upon his subject. The wider the sweep of his studies, the more large will be his resources, the more liberal his views, and as a universally probable consequence, the more effective his efforts. History, poetry, mathematics, natural and mental philosophy, the languages, and literature, ancient and modern, each in its own sphere presents advantages, either to discipline the powers or supply the materials of the mind. But living encyclopedias are rare beings ; and as these different kinds of acquirement are of different degrees of importance, and consonant respectively with different tastes, it becomes in many cases necessary to describe a narrower circle, which shall include those things mainly, of which no minister

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of the Gospel should be ignorant. And assuredly, as a matter of feeling, every minister would wish to catch the prophecy and the Gospel as it burst from the inspired lips of Isaiah, or flowed from the apostolic pen of Paul. But especially in the great contest for the truths of the Bible, the combatant at the present day must be fully furnished with Biblical literature. The exigencies of the Church demand, to say the least, a class of men who are fully competent for the field where Greek meets Greek, and who are perfectly at home wherever the discussion is carried. At no point, if duty be done, need the result be feared. If a Wesley, even in the chair of his own classic Oxford, amid the rival masters by whom he was surrounded, was by preëminence surnamed "the Grecian;" if a Walsh, firm by his side in the day of apostolic exertion, from his capability of stating from memory the number of the recurrences of any Hebrew word in the Old Testament, was titled, without hyperbole, the living concordance; if a Clarke, surmounting the most extraordinary obstacles by the most extraordinary perseverance, united the most extensive acquirements to the most unique simplicity, and flung around the sacred text the most luminous and the most copious, the most original if not always the most defensible expositions, those who coincide with their general views and make their pursuits an exemplar, need not fear that thorough research will disturb the foundations of their faith, or intense application chill the ardor of their piety.

Nor is it so perfectly clear, that even the pulpit may not derive from classic antiquity the most illustrious models of eloquence. If the dicta of the most eminent masters are the best directories in the pursuit of any high acquirement, it may be safely asserted that this point is well-nigh unquestionable. If that eminent pulpit orator of England, Robert Hall, pronounced Demosthenes the greatest of all human orators, averred that no man of soul or feeling could read his oration upon the crown without catching fire at every page, and drew his rhetorical illustrations, and even the spirit that animated his own performances, in a great measure from him; if that preëminent pulpit orator of Germany, Reinhardt, was surprised in the day of his prime, to find that in his early perusal of the choicest

writers of antiquity, he had unawares made the best preparation for his subsequent distinguished success; if that most eminent of the pulpit orators of France, Bossuet, constantly wrote with the poems of Homer before him, averring as a reason, that he wished to imbibe his light immediately from the sun, it becomes the minister of the Gospel who has the same models within his reach, to hesitate before, in the face of such authorities, he pronounces them unworthy of his study. And still more authoritative is the weight of such and other revered and venerable names against the charge of the immoral tendency of classical pursuits. That there are no productions of immoral tendency, that there is no occasion for a discriminative selection, is more than need be asserted of classic literature, and more than can be asserted of any other. It is an impracticable policy to endeavor to guard a free, inquisitive and liberal mind from the reach of immoral tendencies; these infect alike every moral and every literary atmosphere, and that must be an imbecile integrity which is to be preserved in a depraved world, not by being armed against the force of temptations, but by an attempted artificial quarantine from them. Should the literature of France be proscribed, because it opens at once to the youthful reader the voluptuousness of Rousseau and the impieties of Voltaire? He who acts upon this principle must neglect every modern language; — he must unlearn his own.

It is the expression of an eminent English orator, from whom it may seem immodest to dissent, Edmund Burke, that vice “loses half its evil by losing all its grossness.” The depravity of the sentiment is scarcely disguised by the felicity of the expression. Vice, on the contrary, redoubles the danger of its fascinations by reducing the excess of its grossness. Gross vice is generally repulsive vice. And it is precisely this circumstance which renders the immoralities of ancient literature, for the most part, ineffective. He who is well acquainted with the temperament of antiquity, must well know that much of the delicacy of our social life is essentially modern; and the reader of antiquity, who even finds it necessary to disturb its dregs, finds comparatively very little of those refined blandishments with which modern genius has tinged seductive vice, to render it more

insinuating to the juster fastidiousness of our moral sense. If, however, just views of human depravity be a proper preparatory to human renovation, the very vices of antiquity have an efficient moral. If the Christian would learn the folly of unguided human wisdom in its highest estate, mythological antiquity may furnish the amplest illustration; if the prevalence of the Gospel of peace shall hereafter make military enthusiasm appear one of the strange insanities of our race, it may then be an object to ascertain, how the early mind of man was addressed, to inspire the martial frenzy; if posterity shall wonder by what syren notes the cup of inebriation could be radiated with fascination, the anacreontic hymn may then be perused as a rare phenomenon in the history of the human mind.

Upon this subject I would be no bookish pedant. Classic literature is no sovereign specific for transforming stupidity to genius, for I really know not where that desirable recipe is to be found. On the contrary, it may, perhaps, aggravate the naturally desperate case, by adding pedantry to dulness. We sometimes meet with scholars who are all scholars; linguists, whose minds are packed with etymologies and trammelled with syntaxes. Their learning does not seem to be absorbed into the elements of their minds, but to stand out an extraneous unamalgamated mass. Their erudition is ever obtrusive; the ill-managed allusion and the ill-timed quotation are ever informing you that they have read the classics;—they are of the *intellectual aristocracy*. The pedant in any department is disgusting—no wonder the pedant in languages. The mind of the truly liberal scholar imbibes not their dead mass into his memory, he inhales their spirit into his soul; they impregnate his entire genius, grow with his growth, and strengthen with his strength, until they have, imperceptibly perhaps, all but reorganized his intellectual constitution. He is above the obtrusive display of ill-introduced erudition; you might live weeks with him, perhaps, without seeing any other display of his acquisitions than manifested itself in the natural flow of a rich and exuberant mind. Classical learning, (says one well qualified practically to estimate its worth, the eloquent Webster,) classical learning in men who act in conspicuous public stations, perform duties which exercise the faculty of writing, or

address popular, deliberative, or judicial bodies, is often felt where it is little seen, and sometimes felt more effectually because it is not seen at all.

It is in accordance with the calm and manly verdict of such minds, and not with the exaggerated enthusiasm of pedantry, or the gross Vandalism of indiscriminate innovation, that the value of the classics is becoming decided. From the public mind they will receive, we may confidently trust, an estimation accordant with that which they have received from our institution. Without deciding that they are necessary alike for all, or refusing the other privileges of collegiate life to those who neglect them, it earnestly recommends their study to all, and withholds from those who have not acquired them, the appropriate testimonials of a liberal education. Distant, indeed, be the day, when the fair proportions of the educated character of our land shall be marred, by striking them from its requisite accomplishments.

To the mind, indeed, capable of the refinements of literature and science, how rich is the pleasure of luxuriating in the treasures of its own stored thoughts! Eloquently true, indeed, was Cicero's description of the ceaseless flow of enjoyment poured from this source upon a mind like his, when he pronounced literary acquisitions the nurse of early, and the stay of declining life; the ornament of prosperous, and solace of adverse vicissitudes; our constant home companions, yet never impeding us abroad; attending alike our nightly repose, our arduous journeys, and our rural residences. Such a mind is, indeed, never solitary. Its solitude is peopled with memory's glowing images, and fancy's vivid creations. Its possessor finds within his own soul an ever fresh and ever salient spring of mental exhilaration. Shall he go forth to contemplate the rural scene? Nature opens her mysteries to his keen analysis, or expands her prospects to his intense gaze. Does he press amid the bustle of the crowded city? The mystic page of human character reads lessons of wisdom to him, invisible or incomprehensible to the common mind. Does he retire to the seclusion of his study? The hallowed spirits of antiquity are ready to come forth, and utter at his bidding oracles of wisdom which none but minds like his can hear. Does

he enter the social circle? Who like him pours forth the flow of colloquial eloquence, and like him receives the copious reflux of the pleasure which he creates and communicates? He may run no ambitious career, equipped though he be for a mighty contest. He may seek no lofty elevation, though qualified to vie with the most towering crest. His may be a temperament that loves not the excitement, or a philosophy that scorns to seek the honors that seek not him, or a piety that loves the quiet usefulness which Heaven's eye alone measures and appreciates. His is a treasure that knows no exhaustion, inflicts no retributive sting, and knows no equal but the joy of an approving conscience and a smiling Heaven.

BACCALAUREATE SERMON:
DELIVERED IN
THE CHAPEL OF THE WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY,
AT THE CLOSE OF
THE COLLEGIATE YEAR 1838-9,
TO THE
CANDIDATES FOR THE BACHELOR'S DEGREE.

WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY, JULY 8, 1839.

REV. PROFESSOR WHEDON—

Dear Sir,

At a meeting of the Graduating Class, held this morning, the undersigned were appointed a Committee, to tender to you the thanks of the Class for your very able and interesting Discourse of last evening, and to request a copy for publication. By complying with this request, you will highly gratify the Class as well as the Students generally, and confer a favor upon the public.

Very respectfully yours,

JONATHAN COE,
ABIEL CONVERSE,
MEAD HOLMES.

WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY, JULY, 8, 1839.

Messrs. Jonathan Coe, Abiel Converse, Mead Holmes,
Committee of the Graduating Class.

MY DEAR SIRS—

I have received, with gratified feeling, through you, the testimonial of your Class, of their kind estimate of my last evening's Address and their approval of its principles. In complying with your request for its publication, permit me to avail myself of this probably final opportunity of expressing to the Class, my cordial interest for, and sympathy with them, at this momentous period of their lives. Be assured, young gentlemen, both for yourselves and for them, of my kindest recollections of the past, and my ardent prayers for your earthly prosperity and eternal happiness.

Very truly yours,

D. D. WHEDON.

SERMON.

Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.—MATT. v, 8.

It is a frequent incident in the gorgeous and sometimes instructive fictions of the middle ages, that when a young candidate for earthly fortunes goes forth to seek his future destinies, the patron of his previous years binds, perhaps, about his neck, some *amulet*, charmed with a secret spell, mysteriously connected with supernatural agencies, and holding a mastering arbitration over the fates of the young adventurer. Were I to select for you, my young friends, to whom this evening I address a requested parting charge, not an amulet, touched with lunar influences over your coming vicissitudes, but—what were infinitely more valuable—a high, a holy, an eternal *principle*, pregnant with priceless truth and connected with immortal destinies; it should be a full appreciation, by deep experience, of that blessedness above all other bliss—the blessedness pronounced by Him who spake as never man spake, upon the genuinely pure in heart.

The imaginations even of grave commentators have glowed into an unwonted vividness, at the picture presented by the evangelic histories, of the primitive scene of the delivery of the Saviour's sermon upon the mount of Beatitudes. From the gentle summit of that elevation, by this one transaction forever made a consecrated spot—situated in the midst of one of the most picturesque countries upon creation's map—in the fresh morning of one of the balmiest of terrestrial climes, did the GREAT TEACHER, surrounded by the assembled multitudes, deliver to his μαθηται—his pupils—upon

whom he was about to confer their collective Apostolic diploma, those lessons of spiritual wisdom, which he designed to promulgate through them, with a divine authority, to a listening world. In addressing you, our pupils, about to start forth into the wide world for the fulfilment of your probationary earthly mission, (for you, with every son of humanity, have your responsible life's mission,) what better can I do—what other dare I do, than sink myself from your view, and let the Great Original himself speak? Fancy's picture of the imparadised spot where Jesus preached, amid the surrounding sterility of the heaven-cursed earth, cannot present a purer aspect than the moral freshness of that discourse itself amid the comparative moral Sahara of this world's literature. Wearied and disgusted from the selfish agitations of worldly contests and ambitions, distrustful of the unauthoritative precepts and conjectural guessings of mere human philosophy, tired of the fitful, overstrained inspirations of the half-frenzied spirit of profane genius, how recreating it is to turn to the calm simplicity of this one composition—this fresh, unmingled crystalline flow from the celestial fountains—this voice divine, like a strain of heaven-born music earthward straying—breathing the authority of a mild omnipotence through all its gentle syllables—beaming through its veil of human words the infinite majesty, the softened radiance of divinity.

Of this discourse, as of all the teachings of our Saviour and of his whole mission, the topics of our text, viz., purity of heart and communion with the divinity, are the central and primary objects. In the views which it will be our purpose to present, we shall consider *purity of heart* in three respects: its intrinsic nature; its development in the formation of our principles; and its exhibition in practical action.

I. *Purity of heart*: they are sublime words; expressive of the height of moral and spiritual perfection. And it is before the very loftiness of their moral elevation, perhaps, that the mind stands aghast. In presenting them to you I almost hear you exclaim, "Truly, if this be the standard which you present us—to be at once perfectly good—your purpose defeats itself—you dismiss us

with an admonition dishearteningly impracticable." Is it of any use to suggest, my friends, that in moral, as in intellectual advancement, all that man has done, man may do; nay, that goodness is that quality which Heaven has placed peculiarly at our option? Fortunate life Heaven has placed at the mercy of earthly vicissitudes; honorable life, at the decision of human opinion; happy life, beyond the reach, perhaps, of all attainment; but a good life—and how good a life we please, God has suspended upon the choice of our own responsible will. I have stood astonished at the sublime moral conception expressed by one of the loftiest and purest of human spirits, the illustrious Christian sage of Northampton, Jonathan Edwards, when he adopted this resolution, viz., that if it be a supposable fact that but one absolute specimen and model of perfect human goodness is to exist in an age, he would strive to act as if it were his dispensation, to be in his age that model. How does the lofty height of such a purpose place us above the sordid views, the average moralities and the current examples of a depraved world; and what an elevation of moral standard would immediately rise, if all even who are disposed to goodness, would make this the soul-engrossing standard of their lives! But if our moral purpose sink below this standard of moral purity, still it cannot be profitless for us to form that standard in our minds; to place among our choicest conceptions, and even among our warm aspirations, a model of perfect moral beauty; and to accustom the mind to contemplations of the pure and the good. The poet loves to store his mind with images of varied gracefulness; and especially does his genius aspire to conceptions of pure and perfect idealities which are unknown to the dreams of the dull and the worldly. The statuary's imagination is an intellectual temple, filled with godlike formations; and especially does he strive by continued self-refinements, by intense and unremitted intellectual abstractions, to form to himself the image of absolute beauty—the ultimate acme of possible loveliness. The absence of every effort and every ideality of this kind, is the attribute of the sensual and the gross—the mere clods of humanity. And though the contemplative poet may not rival the imageries of the great master of song, nor the statuary

eclipse the fame of him who is said to have embodied the poetry of Homer himself in marble, still is the mind formed to a harmony with the perfection to which it struggles ; the taste is chastened and purified ; the imagination is vivified, and the genius endowed with new and more widely varied powers of creativeness. And so it is with the aspirant after moral attainment. It is something, nay, it is much to be such an aspirant ; for this at once takes the character from among the contentedly bad. And for such a one, it may not be profitless to form in the mind, and to dwell awhile in contemplation of, and to return with frequent repetition to, a mind-created model of goodness, by which the moral taste may be improved, and to which the character may conform itself. In this conforming process, an honest self-examination will detect many a failure, and reveal many an inconsistency. Often will it seem that no progress has been made, and even that the course has been retrograde. Yet be not despairing ; that very agony of regret is a hopeful symptom ; the very tendency to despair is proof that all is not desperate ; even while our efforts have been errant, it is much that our efforts were not unmade. If in the arduous ascent our feet have strangely slidden and retrograded, let our errors past be transformed into lessons of future vigilance ; if the progress for which we had indulged some past self-gratulation be detected as deceptive and unreal, let it teach us a more searching self-discrimination ; if our path be literally scattered with the fragments of broken resolutions, disgraced professions and demolished schemes of self-reform—sorrowing, but not discouraged—ashamed, but not scouted—let us never cease with unyielding patience and persevering faith, studying new inventions of self-correction, constructing new plans, and practising all sorts of versatile stratagems of self-discipline, assured that to fight unyieldingly is a certainty of not being conquered, and that the victory can never be fully lost, until the battle field is traitorously deserted.

Purity of heart—they are beautiful words ;—happy the mind by whom that beauty is appreciated ; transcendently happy the heart in which that beauty is realized. They are words of physical origin ; and perhaps their moral import may not unaptly be

illustrated by a physical image. See that crystal goblet which stands in almost shadowless transparency upon your table, filled with an element so limpid, so pure, so impalpable, that like the translucent beauty which it occupies, it scarce presents an object to arrest the ray of the eye which loves to dwell upon it. What more perfect image of purity can the mind present? And now, while the mind is enjoying a calm delight in unison with such beauty, let your chemist pour in a mass of foul and heterogeneous sediment, and mark how the dense folds of the murky cloud, slowly convolving, heighten by the contrast of its dusk the purity with which it cannot assimilate. Were both fluids of a like blackness, the addition would be unperceived; for it is by the clearness of the surrounding luminous element, that we mark the sullen outlines of the invading infusion. So with the elements of the heart. There is many a heart the native home of all that is foul and vile; into which you may infuse any additional element of depravity, and it is soon absorbed into latency and invisibleness by the congenial corruption of the mass. On the other hand, to purity of heart, the introduction of every malign emotion is at once palpable and painful. Like a sullyng breath upon the mirror's surface it is at once visible and transient. There are minds naturally pure from *certain* malignities. To one heart the rankling venom of envy is so uncongenial, that it rises like a nauseating and corrosive gall, and is instantly suppressed. To another amiable heart, the burning passion of anger is so painful, that like a coal in the bosom, it is a moment's torture and expelled forever. If now some mighty purifying power, entering the soul, could sweep from it every congeniality with the depraved; if the expulsive energy of some new all-searching, all-pervading affection should preoccupy the being and allow no room for an unhallowed occupancy; or if some sovereign principle should assume a regal dominance, and with absolute decree banish every insurrectionary rival, whether the causation be divine or human, or whether the process be natural or supernatural, the result would be the blessedness of the pure in heart. And this may bring us to what we may consider as the constituent quality of moral purity.

I would therefore lay down the proposition — the test and central

element of purity of heart, is the absolute and pervading supremacy of the principle of conscience over the whole man. Of conscience may be affirmed what Plato affirmed of truth. It is the shadow of the Almighty. Conscience is the representative image of God installed over the world within the man. Of that image He is the divine prototype—the originate substance—for God is an Almighty Conscience, and his government is the omnipotence of right. And when conscience is established in sovereignty over the realm of the soul, then and there is created an image of the government of God—then is the kingdom of God within you. Beneath its holy sceptre there, peace, truth, and freedom flourish. The absolute despotism of conscience is the most perfect liberty of the soul. The absolute banishment which it decrees, of every thing abominable or that maketh a lie, sanctifies the atmosphere of the spirit and purifies the temper of the heart. This, the blessedness of the pure in heart,

Which nothing earthly gives or can destroy,
The soul's calm sunshine and the heartfelt joy,
Is virtue's prize.

Beautifully did Bishop Butler affirm of conscience, that, "had it strength as it has right, had it power as it has manifest authority, it would absolutely govern the world: and sublimely did Hooker remark of that law whose vital principle is conscience, that "its residence was the bosom of God, and its voice the harmony of the universe." And could the peace divine with which it illumines a single beatified bosom, go out like a purely streaming serenity, over the suffering spirits that breathe the troubled atmosphere of this suffering earth, how would a holy hush be breathed, and a Sabbath quietness be laid upon all the surging elements of our turbulent humanity. Could the empire of conscience be in one moment invisibly enthroned, in all its silent and gentle omnipotence over the inmost beating bosom of each human individual that lives upon the area of our globe, that one instantaneous, quiet and unseen change would be mightier in its power, than all the revolutions that, through ages past, have overswept the face, or the convulsions that have shaken the centre of creation. It would render, at once, unneces-

sary all the struggles and shocks that are yet to replace the dislocations and reverse the overturns of this inverted world ; it would softly sink the despot's throne ; it would sweetly unclasp the bondman's fetters ; it would gently melt the iron dungeon ; it would stilly crumble the idol altar ; it would blandly wipe the scalding tear, and at once light up the horror of darkness that now densely lies upon the world's surface, with the quick, spontaneous blaze of full millennial day.

And yet the change, to our conceptions so minute in the individual instance, and so noiseless even in the universality, is a change as far above any revolution in the course of the world, as the supernatural and the divine are above the natural and the human. For should you with a merely natural instrumentality, set about the work of this renovation throughout the world, you would find each individual human heart so intrenched in a defensive apparatus of feeling, will and belief against your operations, both by siege or storm, that doomsday would arrive before the work were even begun.

For this sovereignty of conscience must be an *elective* rule. It can only exist by the consenting, independent, spontaneous adoption of the subject powers within the individual man. There must be not only the consent of the judgment and of the will, but the congenial coöperation of the affections. And this will bring us, perhaps somewhat unexpectedly, to what, we think, will be to your every mind a most plain explication of what theologians in their vocabularies mean by regeneration. The natural passions and affections of every man, it is ascertained by experience, are perpetually wavering and veering from the right conscientious line. Conscience is a dry and unloved abstract principle ; the law of right is a dead precept, and the heart beats not with true and cordial emotions in unison with it. Regeneration is the transforming of that *principle* into an *affection* ; it is making that dead precept a living impulse ; it is the leading the full flow of glowing and ready emotions along the right-lined channel of conscientious obedience. The sovereignty of conscience, no longer a cold and clanking despotism, is loved and claimed as a most spontaneous freedom. Its rules, which once were as fettering cords around the soul, are now the genuine nerve and

sinew of the moral purpose. And this simple change, so easily stated, is after all so great, and so out of the man's own power—for who can transform his own affections?—that the Founder of Christianity with a deep-seeing philosophy pronounced it a renovation—a regeneration—a being born again.

And perhaps the whole divinely operative power which Christianity offers to exert in our moral renovation, may be comprised in this one statement,—that it *transforms a principle into an affection*. It takes, for instance, the pure principle of *right*, and from a dictate of the conscience, it identifies it with an emotion of the heart, and endows it with an entire ascendancy. It takes the divine law and so transforms it to the sinner's perception, that he who once conscientiously and coldly assented that "the law is holy, just and good," now like the Psalmist exclaims "How *love* I thy law!" The doctrine of the divine goodness, logically inferred through the works of Providence, by the natural religionist, the gracious spirit transforms into a direct and felt affection.

But the case most to our purpose is this—that while natural theology so argues with a philosopher that he believes in an omnipresent deity, religion so transforms that belief into a perception and a sense, that the pure in heart is emphatically said to *see God*. To *see God* is to *realize God*; it is to perceive his presence and his goodness so palpably, that though it be attained not by a mere sense, its force is best expressed by the very strongest of our senses and perceptions. And be it not forgotten, that while it is purity of heart that enables us to see our God, so reciprocally it is the seeing God—the living consciousness of his presence—that can alone preserve our purity of heart. He alone that hath this love in him purifyeth himself even as HE is pure. Know ye what this meaneth? My friends, I should prove traitorous alike to the Gospel and to you, could I once admit any power of keeping the heart pure other than the deep perception of the divinity which none of nature's faculties or demonstrations can confer. If in your self-reviews and recognitions of your past mental experiences, conscious memory can call up no moment when you could see and converse with your God—no moment of a sense of the presence, even in a perfect human

solitude, of another than yourself—a recognition deep as your own consciousness, of a divinity invisible yet palpable as any humanity around you—a sober, awing certainty of His scrutiny upon the spirit, yet a grateful sense of His approving condescension,—if this forms no part of your experience, then may you fear that you yet want the least germ of that principle that can produce or preserve the purity of the soul. O, then speedily do your first, your preliminary work. Acquaint thyself now with God, and be at peace with him.

But you ask, did not the lofty minds of unchristianized antiquity—as a best instance, the stoic philosophers—by the mere power of natural will subject the whole man to the sternest dictates of absolute right? Did not the portico of Athens, to all fair appearance, perform this human miracle, and solve this moral problem? I answer, by its own confession—No! Those noble-minded, lofty-looking and deep-searching men—the Zenos and Catos of the stoa—saw in its full force and blazing clearness the irreconcilable hostility between the mass of human passions and the law divine. Zeno of Athens and Paul of Tarsus, with equal energy believed that the natural heart “is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be.” Here they agreed—now mark ye where they separated;—it was in the remedy for this warfare. The profoundly thinking stoic saw the incompatibility between the divine law and the human passions; and what was his expedient? Annihilation of the latter; utter extinction of every human affection; total crushing of the heart into nothingness. And to this mighty work did these most honest-minded men—these giant specimens of human virtue—right manfully apply themselves. Each brought out his apparatus to amputate the heart from the system—to cauterize all sensibility from the soul—to absorb and abstract all the juices from the spirit. His human saint was a moral skeleton—and a skeleton petrified. His perfect man was a marble man. His moral model was a passionless intellectual statue—a half-living automaton;—moving indeed, but mechanically moving, by the geometrio exactness of a right-lined law! All philosophic antiquity saw the irreconcilableness between the natural passions and the law of pure conscientiousness; they

saw that it was an exterminating war, and they saw but two possible remedies. Exterminate those passions, exclaimed the virtuous Zeno, and leave the law in absolute sway. Exterminate that law, exclaimed the Epicurean, and let the only law be pleasure. No! exclaimed the divine man of Nazareth, as his voice rose in startling clearness from out the plains and hills of Palestine, and streamed through the wide and liberal air. Exterminate not that law—heaven and earth shall sooner pass than one jot of its record shall fail. Exterminate not those human affections; crush not that palpitating heart; break not that bruised reed; for blessed are the pure in heart—they shall see God. So spake the blessed Jesus; and not only was there grace upon his lips to pronounce the remedy, but mercy in his heart and power in his hand to make its application.

We have thus far endeavored to illustrate the nature of purity of heart, to analyze its essential element, to show the divine source from which it must come, and to point out the hopelessness of any other origin. My next purpose is to furnish a few hints upon the proper influence of pure moral purpose upon the formation of our opinions and the fixing of our principles.

II. It is one of the not unfashionable liberalism of the present day, to hold that no man can be blamed for his opinions. “The Great Truth has gone forth to the ends of the earth,” proclaimed Lord Rector, subsequently Lord Chancellor Brougham, at the University of Glasgow, “that man shall no more render an account to man for his belief, over which he has himself no control. Henceforth nothing shall prevail upon us to praise or to blame any one for that which he can no more change than the hue of his skin or the height of his stature.” Is this doctrine true and sound? Never then was a truth more fit to be enrolled among the primary axioms of falsehood, and to be inscribed upon the title-page of the manual of Libertinism. Has truth, has falsehood no moral character? Then has the father of lies begotten an innocent progeny. Not responsible for our opinion? Then we are responsible for nothing. We are not responsible for the use of our powers; for intellect is the truth-seeking power, and if we are not responsible for the right and

honest use of that power, we are responsible for the misuse of no other power. Then we are not responsible for the mainspring of all our crimes ; for every crime has its spring in, if not a permanent, yet a momentary opinion, which gave it impulse. Then we are not responsible for the shaping of our moral character ; for as a man thinketh, so is he ; and our principles are the defining lines and bounding angles that delineate and determine the very configuration of our moral being. Then we are not responsible for the issues of our own hearts' corruptions ; for none can doubt that corrupt and depraved sentiments are the natural product of corrupt feelings. This doctrine is not only in itself corrupt and false, but it is the *πρωτον ψευδος*—the primal falsity—the lie germinant—in which all other falsehoods, if they do not take their start, at any rate find their license.

But what, then, are we responsible for pure mistake ? Are we morally bound to be infallible ? You are responsible, if not for pure mistake, yet for dishonest mistake. You are morally bound, if not to be infallible, certainly to be incorruptible. And *here* let us draw the true distinction. There is a difference between a merely untrue opinion and a corrupt one. An untrue opinion is an opinion which coincides not with the actual reality of things ; a corrupt opinion is one which accords not with moral purity. An untrue opinion is one falsified by real, though, perhaps, hidden fact ; a corrupt opinion is one falsified by morality and justice. An untrue opinion is tested and corrected by the intellect ; a corrupt opinion is adjudged and condemned by the conscience. An untrue opinion may arise from a failure of perception ; a corrupt opinion is the foul issue of the impurity of the heart. An untrue opinion is likely to lead us into practical blunder ; a corrupt opinion tends to licentiousness and crime. For the former, we may be innocent and pardonable ; for the latter, we are most fearfully responsible, and perhaps justly condemnable.

To what conclusion, then, can we come other than this ?—that though not responsible for honest *inaccuracy* in opinion, we are responsible for the *corruptness* of our belief. Over the formation of our principles, as over the state of our affections, must conscience

hold her holy sceptre. If there be such an existing reality as purity of moral character, it may exist not only in the emotions but in the doctrines ; and between the pure heart and a pure principle there cannot but be an affinity likely to bring them both into union. If, then, we have a single purpose to maintain, a single purity of moral disposition ; if it be our sincere and devout wish to attain to pure and holy truth ; if to be right in heart and in sentiment, be the fervent and candid purpose of our souls, then, though we may not be secure from honest misjudgment, little is the fear that Heaven would permit our single-heartedness to become the innocent victim of the deceivableness of unrighteousness. And is not a neglect of this subordination of our opinions to the cognition of the moral sense, the great cause of all licentious error ? Do not men, in the formation of opinions upon the most momentous moral topics, forget all responsibility ; and while listening to the dictates of passion or the processes of intellect, shut out the admonitions of conscience ? Strange, that upon a moral question, the moral faculty should have no authoritative suffrage ! Many, indeed, are the instances that might be specified, of the gross results that have come from this exclusive enthronement of usurping authorities. There is scarce any moral absurdity which may not be sustained by some form of *logical* process, and a pretext wrought out for *intellectual* belief ; and yet the secret monitor within forbids the banns between the credence and the falsity. There is scarcely any moral monstrosity which may not be wrapped in a hue of glozing words, and so tuned to a round of beautiful periods, as to captivate the fancy to a fond assent ; and yet there is a stern counter principle beneath, that will not leave the damnable delusion undisturbed. There is scarce any form of crime, scarce any plot of combined iniquity, scarce any ultra plunge of abandoned profligacy, for which the perpetrator may not dexterously fabricate a goodly frame of phrase, and array it in a showy garb of apologizing plausibleness, sufficient to beguile almost every thing else—save that oracle within the breast, whose voice has so often been hushed or drowned, but whose integrity has never been bribed to Philippize—the deep-seated, truth-responding conscience. Often, indeed, do we see trains of reasoning so well drawn

out, and so apparently solid, that no flaw is discovered and no unsoundness is suspected until they have landed us in conclusions so abhorrent to the moral consciousness, that by instantaneous impulse, the whole soul revolts against the entire process; and at once, without the trouble of formal refutation, stamps it with reprobacy. Few men are more truly pitiable, if not too condemnable for our sympathy, than the interested supporters of opinion at war with their own moral sense; professional manufacturers of logic in defence of a set and hoary error, maintainable, indeed, by all the arts of dexterous fallacy, but so discordant to the moral feeling, that the contest within, between the intellectual and the moral man, sets the whole soul uneasily and perpetually at jar. This galling consciousness of untruth within the soul—this burning feeling of a bosom falsehood wilfully maintained—this torture of secret and self-confessed badness both of cause and of purpose—plants a serpent's fang in the heart's core of the proudest and wiliest diplomatist; it cankers in his pocket and in his soul, the paid wages of the royal conscience-keeper; it weaves thorns in the salaried sophist's pillow; and binds, like compressing iron, the very mitre upon the hierarch's brow. Many a structure of false system, indeed, architecturally built, loftily towering and exulting in seeming strength, is really invisibly tottering over an infirm base, sapped by secret and almost unconscious moral misgiving, and ready at the moment's return of honest and pure purpose into the heart upon whose depravity it was based, to be blown up from its foundation, and "like the baseless fabric of a vision, leave not a wreck behind." And thus it is that the truth, missed by the proud and sophisticated adepts of logic, are found and embraced by the simple-hearted and the conscientious. Thus it is, that the holiest revelations are hid from the proudly wise and wordly prudent, to be revealed unto babes. And thus is, perhaps, sometimes verified the apothegm that truth dwells with the unsophisticated common people. For as the morning vapor, deserting the mountain tops, rolls its cloudy folds adown the declivity, and settles along the fair fields and humble hamlets below, so does truth, often deserting the high places of life, where pride and power and interest have raised their strong intrenchments, descend downward

s of humble humanity, where truth and conscience, interest, unawed by power, unperturbed by sophistry, or original simplicity of language. And these are all ample proofs, that God has not left holy verity at the mercy of proud intellect alone ; but has secured, that, when banished by the sophistries of the perverted brain, it may still have another conservative hold upon the ineradicable conscience.

Pictre to yourselves, young gentlemen, a youthful candidate for active life, marching forth upon the world's wide stage, filled with the notion that all opinions are irresponsible and all equally innocent ; that however carelessly or depravedly adopted, however originating from the basest sources of moral foulness, or however tending to the depths of corruption's bottomless abyss, yet if he can only possess himself of them, if he can but make them his own, they are innocent and blameless ; and can you imagine a being more exposed to all the plagues and contagions of this world's wildest depravities, more unbound by all the holy ties and sacred obligations that hold man to his sphere, and more totally adrift upon the surging ocean of lawless licentiousness ? What are moral principles but a coat of moral armor, girt around the man, defending him from the assaults of temptation, and empowering him against his moral foes ? What are his moral principles but the cords and chains that bind him round and fasten him to the orbit of moral rectitude ? Unharness the man of his iron armor, unclasp him of his wreathing fetter, and what is he ? He is, in one emphatic word, *unprincipled*.

Go forth into the world, then, young gentlemen, with the profoundest sense, both of the weighty responsibility and of the momentous consequences that press upon the work of forming your principles of moral action. Forget, never, that there is not only honest mistake, but that there are also corrupt, fearful, fatal errors. Holy truth may suffer herself to be misled with impunity ; but terrible is her retribution upon him, who is too indolent to seek her existence, or so gross as to slight her value. When the world's lax maxims are loosening and solving the tight bands of rigid principle from around you, when you lend a listening and adopting ear to

adventurous tenets, then is the moment to work out your salvation with fear and trembling. Suspect and dread any principle, however plausible and insinuating, which tends in any degree to deprave and adulterate the purity and sensibility of your moral feelings; which dims or obliterates the immutable boundary lines of right and wrong; which lowers the standard of virtue and piety; which blunts the power of conscience; which diminishes the sensible pressure of eternal responsibility, or weakens your full appreciation of solemn accountableness and divine retribution. If these be true, they are truths of a price beyond all price, and to miss them is a ruin beyond all depth; if they be false, the opposite truths are comparatively little worth, and indeed all truth sinks in value, and if missed, small indeed is the harm.

Before I conclude this part of my subject permit me to allude to a point upon which we *might* say much, viz., the firm stand with which this reasoning fixes us upon the immutable basis of Christianity. The great and demonstrative evidence of the Gospel is its *absolute sameness with absolute right*. It is, that the precepts of the Gospel and the dictates of conscience are identical. It is one of the clearest of certainties that the contest between religion and irreligion, is the same as the contest between holiness and unholiness, between good and bad, between right and wrong. On the one hand, it is sure that Christianity somehow *has* identified itself with rigid principle and conscientious rectitude; and on the other, irreligion *has* somehow become one with loose principles and licentious practice. Sure, then, as there is truth in conscience there is truth in Christianity. If right and truth be not diverse, but self-evidently one, then pure religion is the identity of both.

And we do think it obvious to the most casual, candid glance, that somehow or other, those doctrines which are looked upon as the more central dogmas of Christianity — the specific tenets of evangelical Christianity — do possess a grappling affinity with all the holy virtues, the domestic purities and the living active benevolences that bless mankind. Now this fact cannot well be drawn out into a train of severe and consecutive logic; but to the mind predisposed to “whatsoever things are lovely,” it gives to Chris-

tianity a demonstrated divinity beyond all scientific demonstration. I have ardently studied the evidences of the Gospel derived from the voluminous sources of prophecy, and history, and miracle ; and I feel a full assurance that were one half their body struck out of existence, the argument that Christianity is identical with pure, essential right, is the unmoved and the all-sufficient proof that Christianity is identical with essential truth.

And thus opens to us a clear reply to these who denounce the rigid grapple which the Christian heart fixes upon the Christian truths, as being bigotry and prejudice. That affinity which the pure heart feels for the evidences of a purifying truth, is a holy affinity. A predisposition for a demoralizing dogma — a presumption in favor of a licentious sophism, is both bigotry and prejudice ; but the preference of the pure in feeling for the pure in sentiment is neither passion nor prejudice, but a blessed freedom from both.

When, therefore, I contemplate the vast mass of historical evidences, I feel that they are an impregnable iron armor, with which we may triumphantly meet the sceptic's logical assault ; but when I contemplate this identification of Christianity with the moral sense, I feel *that* to be the demonstration of the spirit, which goes most deeply with its assurance to the soul. The deductions of reason are drawn through a fallible length of process ; the decisions of conscience are instantaneous and immediate. When by the light of the former I see the historic proof of its truth, I feel that there is no sophism ; when by the light of the latter, I see that it is *absolute right*, I know that there can be no mistake.

If then in the matter of purifying the affections, we commended you to the precepts and the divine spirit of the Gospel, in the matter of forming a purity of principles, would we commend to your entire and fervent faith, her doctrines. Her truths are no ineffective dogmas ; when brought into operation upon the heart and soul, sanctifying to our nature are their whole purpose and power. The more that heart is purified, the more those doctrines are congenial and embraced ; and then, the more deeply they are embraced, the more purifying, reciprocally, is their power. And thus Christian experience has long proved, that the highest attainment of

holiness is ever in union with the most perfect possession of faith. The whole theory — the summary purpose of the Gospel truths, is, in the Apostle's striking phrase, to purify the heart *by faith*. Sanctify them through thy truth, was the dying prayer of your atoning Saviour.

III. Too much I have not said upon the two former parts of my subject, if I have presented an impressive view of the momentous importance of a pure heart, united with pure principle ; for when these are imbued with a spirit of rectitude, action will be spontaneously right. You are now standing upon the threshold of the world of action. To your eyes, the scenes that now surround you are momentary. To your view, dim and shadowy evanescence hangs, veil-like, over the halls, and seats, and rooms, over the hills and fields, so long your own familiar home. The years which you have here spent, have gone to join the centuries of the irrevocable past ; the future looms up before you, filled with the shadowy outlines of incalculable events ; and from its distant prospective, the summons to action, action, action, thrills upon your spirit's ear. Already the restraints and details to which you were here confined are losing their common-place character ; momentarily there rushes upon you a gushing, agonizing sense of the crisis, which usually you can scarcely realize to have come upon you in your life's journey ; you fling an anxious eye forward, to descry if " coming events cast their shadows before ; " you scrutinize with tremulous anxiety, your own capabilities of success ; and you fluctuate, with alternate vibration, between a dread of life's future uncertainties and an impetuous ardor to try the dashing hazard. Could I hold up before you a mirror in whose transparent scope should be imaged the visible panorama of your future destinies—ought I to hold it forth—and would you dare to contemplate its presentations ? Alas, young gentlemen, rightly and beautifully has one said, " the veil that hides from our sight the events of succeeding years is a veil woven by the hand of mercy."

Naturally as the very blood's pulsation, in youth's warm hey-day, are the promptings of an impulsive, aspiring ambition. But

in those moments when the conscientious principle has been alert, the question cannot but have occurred to you, how far these feelings require to be chastened ; or whether the desire and purpose of eminence, in other words, the *principle of emulation*, be at all a justifiable impulse of action. Important as it preëminently is, that the ardor of ambitious action should be regulated by principle, I know no point more obviously worthy our present attention.

I cannot join, then, with those excellent men who wholly condemn *emulation* as an impulse of action. I should at least place it upon a level with a desire of property, or any other constitutional principle of man as man, requiring indeed regulation, but performing under that regulation, a natural and healthful action, and securing its proper and legitimate happiness. The objection that emulation is not itself a praiseworthy motive, is true of the desire of food, or the love of the beautiful, both of which, though in themselves not praiseworthy motives, are the proper impulses to correct and salutary action ; the objection that emulation is liable to abuse, is no more than is obviously true of all our active powers and principles ; the objection is closely allied to a vice ; that it is liable to be transformed into envy, is true even of the noblest virtues, all of which are bounded by an almost invisible line, from some closely adjacent vice. Emulation, like most of our natural active principles, if rightly directed and properly checked, although in itself neither a moral nor an immoral quality, may be made a productive cause of great and happy and beneficial result. If it ever fire you with an excess above a healthful medium ; if ever it engross the soul to the pre-occupancy of the place appropriate to higher and more sacred feelings ; if it ever crush a holy emotion, or suppress a pure sympathy ; if it ever induce you to trample upon a bounden duty, or violate a just obligation ; if it ever degenerate into a base and malignant envy at a rival's fair success, or lead you to the use of an unfair advantage to prevent it ; if it inspire in you a haughty supercilious triumph in the hour of success, or unmanly and rankling despondency in defeat, then has your generous emulation degenerated into a base passion, a curse embosomed within your soul.

Go forth then into the world, again I say, young gentlemen,

animated with the purpose of attaining all the eminence in whatever path you tread, which can be attained without one holy principle sacrificed. Go, nobly, yet *purely* aspiring; and doubt not that the noblest of the sons of men, is he, who, from the highest watch-tower of human eminence, attained without one unholy compromise, looks out upon the world of men, swaying them with all the might of moral influences, and proclaiming in their hearing thrilling truths—"truths that wake to perish never." And what gives the ultimate finish to this model is, that while he may humanly yet temperately enjoy the pleasures of elevation and success, so chastened is that ambition, that he could have passed through a humble line of life without one murmur against Providence; that he could have seen the success of some undeserving rival, with pity, indeed, for those who may suffer for *his* false advancement, but without one rankle of envy at his triumph; that he could have lived unknown, unpraised, unsung, and never once pined with the gnawing discontent of unappreciated merit. This, young gentlemen, is pure and perfect greatness; this is a noble ambition; a plant that may spring and bloom even in the soil of that heart whose very element is purity.

And scarcely may I admit that this ambition can exist in any other than those to whom is realized the promise of the pure in heart, that they shall see God. To see God, is to recognize his existence—his very living presence around, within us. And he who possesses this recognition, even upon the summit of earthly power, feels,—O how deeply!—that there is an approbation in comparison with which human applause is vanity; and in the very depths of humiliation he may feel that though his diamond worth be invisible to mortal eye, an eye there is which omnisciently looks down, and amid the earthly rubbish that surrounds it, knows and estimates full well the priceless jewel. Such is a pure ambition; and this, young friends, be yours.

The places that here now know you, will soon know you no more, perhaps, forever. It is the place of us, your former instructors, permanently here to stand and observe as your successive ranks pass on. To us ye are a most thrilling emblem, how rapidly one generation goeth away and another cometh. And how like are the

events of collegiate existence to the great events of real life! If any class of human beings can be called men of two lives, it is that of the academic graduate. Here in this little world have you been placed, an enclosed world *preparatory* to the great world now before you. Your little republic has had in its own little horizon—its events and its history—its excitements and its politics—its oligarchies and its aristocracies—its rise and fall of popular leaders—nay, the whole routine of vicissitudes and passions, which human nature, ever on a less or greater scale the same, exhibits in larger and fiercer democracies. Justly then and beautifully has a college been called a world in miniature.

But in this comparison, there is one analogy which is as momentous as it has been unnoticed. Solemn is the consideration that in all your past collegiate life, you have been laying up a retribution which you are to meet in the world into which you are now stepping. Of not a neglect have you been guilty, not an acquirement have you lost or gained, not a habit have you formed, which will not send its retributive consequences across the boundary line, to expend themselves in your future life, either in direct effects upon *yourself*, or upon those counteractives which you may feebly afford against them.

There is no light in which man's nature can be viewed more striking than the light of his infinite responsibilities. No finite being can perhaps be presented upon a position at once so fearful and so grand, as an immortal being standing upon the lofty promontory of his own eternal responsibility, balancing in his own vibrating hand, and deciding by his own vibrating will, two opposite infinities of eternal bliss and eternal woe. If in those trembling scales he weighs such destinies, it is at once his vast prerogative, and God's full justification, that his own hand must fling in the weight that settles the momentous preponderance. And how does it give at once an appalling consequence to each least breath we draw, to know that every deed—every word—every thought—tells weightily upon that high suspended balance! Tread carefully, child of eternity, upon the stage of your probation, for the echoes of your every footstep send their undying peal through the ceaseless ages of your immor-

talities. Breathe softly, heirs of retribution; for thy every whispered word, nay, each unwhispered thought—immortal as thyself—swiftly ascends on high and inscribes itself, in imperishable letters, upon the records of eternal judgment, to be read by the eye of God Omnipotent, in the light of a blazing world, to the ears of a trembling universe. Trembling with you, my friends, before the dread eternal issue, to life's great trial we commit you; and could we commission our prayers as guardian angels, they should wing their hovering presence perpetually around your path. May the spirit of the pure Jehovah breathe his purity in your hearts, and may his approving eye beam in conscious blessings upon your steps. Purified may you come at the issue of life's great ordeal; peacefully may you behold your God in the trying day, and blissfully may you dwell in his eternal presence.

THE MANLY MAN.

A BACCALAUREATE,

DELIVERED AT

THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN,

AT THE

ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT, 1851.

THE MANLY MAN.

YOUNG GENTLEMEN :

HAVING delivered you the sign, manual, and seal of your Alma Mater, it is now my duty to pronounce to you her benedictory adieu. You are standing upon her threshold with your faces forthward, our little world behind you, and the broad world before you. However trite repetition may make the scene to others, it is — yes, it is — an era to you. It diminishes none of our individual joys or woes, to know that they have been experienced, with the same poignancy, by every child of Adam, since the flowers of Eden first faded from human view. Just as freshly blooms young romance, or burns keen ambition, in the breast of the youthful aspirant, as if his was the first heart that ever knew the strange emotion. Just as bitter is the pang of sorrow, the gnaw of remorse, or the very agony of death itself, as if now the first tear, the first guilt, the first expiring sigh had just surprised the world. God is a divine author, who ever repeats himself, with an ever fresh originality. And so this self-same world is ever at once both old and new. To one tired eye its scenes are colorless and dull ; its events roll on with a heavy rumbling monotony ; while to the sparkling gaze of the new-comer, every revolve of the glass discloses some new kaleidesopic splendor ; and every glance at the prospect reveals, in the far background, the broad green expanse, and the Alps on Alps towering out higher and higher in the panoramic distance. Many successive collegiate generations have passed, and will pass along this way, on their route,

with full intention to emigrate into that Eldorado of the future, of which there are so many contradictory rumors. *They* are going to try, and then *they* will know. And this morning *you* have come—and *you* will go. Pass on, then; pass on, juvenes candidati, to what fortunes I cannot tell if I would, I would not tell if I could.

No, young gentlemen, if the young eye is thus able to throw the hucs of its own youthfulness over the scenes of this venerable world, if the new spirit is thus able to renew the face of this old creation, let me lend to you none of my leaden-eyed vision, or fling any of the obsoleteness of my experience over the originalities of your hopeful fancies. Whatever those hopes may be to me, they are true to you, and done up by a divine hand, for the best of purposes, in the youthful nature. If upon some sign, hung out over the sidewalk of life, from different positions, you read *painting*, *gilding*, while I read *glazing*, though each reads differently, all may read right. Believe, then, if that faith and hope and love for the future nerve your sinews and elevate your soul for high performance in that future. Believe with a young heart's strong faith; and if that can carry you with a high bearing through all the sordidness of life, if it has made you brave through all the conflicts, cowardices, and treasons you will meet in life, it has done its noble work. It has bloomed with the blossom, it has ripened with the fruit, it shall roll in the harvest for which God has planted the precious seed in the noble soil. And yours be that happier lot, in which the soul shall retain its youth amid the decay of years; so shall that same buoyancy of heart, enriched with science, ennobled by honor, purified by religion, and crowned with the laurels of a memorable history, transmit you through life's close to life's triumphant reward.

Better or worse, however, in a great degree what you have been you will be. Character, even partially formed, with difficulty submits to sudden transformations. It is among the penalties of an erroneous course in the past, that it holds a powerful influence over the present and the future. And past virtues make future virtues easy. The future is not quite to you an extended gallery, along whose walls are suspended, like ready-made wardrobes, those forms and fashions of character, which you can at once, by the mere

assuming, identify with yourself. It is less *envelopment*, than *development*, which forms the character. In life, as in logic, the conclusion is very much contained in the premises. If from within yourself, go forth the vow, "From every model I will catch its excellency," though you fail much, you will much succeed. Enraptured with some specimen of nobleness, say, "I will be that nobleness," and though you be not that nobleness, you will be the nobler for the effort and the aim. Physical constitution will in some degree lay her power upon the man, and say, "Thus do I form him;" education then takes him into her moulding grasp, and says, "This will I fashion him;" temptations and inducements steal around him, and bid him, "This consent to be;" fortune and circumstances lay their laws upon him, "To this issue must he come;" and yet triumphing more or less in spite or in accordance with all these, the man may, he should, he often does, seize hold of lofty excellence, and successfully exclaim, "This will I be, and this I am."

All these subtractions then being made, appealing to that self constructive power that still remains, permit yourselves to be asked—*What would you be?* I ask not with what happy circumstantialities you would love to be surrounded, nor what high destinies you would like to attain; but fixing your eye directly upon your essential self—*What would you be?* For it must be yourself that must form yourself, and by yourself so formed must all your fortunes be built. So well do I know your reply, that I do not fear to draw it out in picture. **PHYSICALLY**, you would have a corporeal constitution, in form and strength developed to the completed style of manhood, as the healthful basis of a high superstructure of character; **SCHOLASTICALLY**, you would, in the language of Bacon, claim all knowledge as your department, keeping a drawer for every form of fact and principle, esteeming no acquirement worthless, as not knowing of what brilliant conclusions it may be the pregnant premise; **ÆSTHETICALLY**, you would have a quick sensibility to enjoy, and a chastened taste to judge the excellences that the divine or the human artist may spread before you; **DYNAMICALLY**, you would have your forces and powers of character, by nature and by training, alert for the moment's ready action, or largely capacious for the most elaborate

effort and the most extended effect ; SPIRITUALLY, you would maintain that heart-felt faith in those rich provisions which Christianity holds forth to human weakness, guilt and woe, which should lead to a pure obedience to its requirement and a glad availment of its support in life, and its bright assurance for that period when our drop of life melts away into life's all-boundless sea. Such in all its departments and all its completeness is THE MANLY MAN. And such a character cannot fail of success and fortune in life, for it is of itself success and fortune *to be such a man*.

But let us occupy our brief moments in expanding this miniature into a portrait.

I. The PHYSICAL MAN, then, is the material basis of the intellectual man—the corporeal temple of the spiritual resident. And while we would not with ancient Greece adore the material form, yet we would not affirm that even ancient Greece herself, with all her palæstræ and athletæ, did too much for the physical culture of the human frame. If one who wrote, not in classic, but in inspired Greek, could declare that the human body is a temple of the divine Spirit himself, certainly, not only defilement, but defacement and negligent dilapidation of the divine residence, is a crime. We are not yet emancipated from that monastic pietism, that spurious Christianity of a post-apostolic day, which teaches that the maceration of the body is the health of the soul. The prayer of the classic poet for the *mens sana in corpore sano*, proves that even Pagan wisdom knew that soundness of body and soundness of mind, if not identical, were mutual requisites. As the rancidness of the oil tarnishes the lustre of the blaze, so does the marasmus of the body dim the beams of mind. And even a sound and well-grounded piety is a serene and healthful piety—clear as the ether, and cheerful as the morning. How often does the disturbance of the corporeal system reach with its derangements the mental action, and disturb the symmetry and consistency even of the Christian character ! And that serene and cheerful piety too, knowing the moral value of health, will not proscribe those relaxations and recreations which God prescribed when he assigned the laws of our healthful nature.

Not healthful is that piety, which would shed a conventual gloom over the social circle, or lay a suppression over those hilarities, which, trenching upon no sacredness, and running into no licentiousness, have a right to take their turn amid the phases of life, when the solemnities of devotion or the cares of business have had their place.

And science, too, as well as misjudging conscience, has been the innocent occasion of fatal violations of Nature's law. The intense absorption of his studies oft fastens the scholar within his cloister; his physical energies, like the particles of his midnight candle, go to feed the ever-burning blaze of thought; the over-tasked mind prostrates the maltreated body through years of preparatory, collegiate and professional study, until the moment having arrived when his genius is prepared to soar with no common flight, to the loftiest heights of fame and fortune, lo! the arrow of permanent disease strikes the shining mark, and fastens him to the earth—forever. Often too, the collegiate honor is bought with the candidate's life, and the academic laurel is bound upon the pallid brow. Alas! learning made him not wise, until wisdom came too late. He studied the laws of every nature but his own; and the laws of his own nature revealed themselves in the form of irreversible penalty. If, indeed, the ancient law which forbade the suicide an honorable sepulture, were now extended to every appropriate case, would not our cross-roads be our most populous burying grounds?

II. But the material basis being laid, how noble the picture of the manly frame, exulting in the richness and the range of every manly acquirement and every manly accomplishment! Mark that kingly sage in his own realm of science; what monarch moves with so majestic a tread, bears so stately a brow, beams with a glance of so magnificent an ambition, wields a sceptre of so wide, so proud a domain, or rears a monument of a more impregnable eternity? No line of titled, princely, or regal ancestry can boast the nobility of giving his birth to the world. His nobility is underived, incommunicable, and all his own. Or if he impart it to a line of descendants, ennobled in his nobleness, it is that lineage of ambi-

tious and grateful scholars, children of the mind, posterity of the soul, to whom he has given the impulse of his own spirit, upon whom he has stamped the image and superscription of his own grandeur—the stamp that proclaims them begotten in the likeness of his own imperial intellect.

How shall a character like this be built? *Built*, I say, for it presents itself to my conception, as a massy and stupendous structure. Crystal palaces are fragile fabrics, and Egyptian pyramids are worthless masses; but here is a crystal monument no shock can fracture and no value buy. How can such a character be constructed? Not upon a narrow and jealous foundation. That bigoted and exclusive spirit, that limits itself within some special department and asks of half the territory of thought—What is it worth?—before the very conception of such a character, should shrink from native littleness into merited nothingness. His very atmosphere is destructive to that fragmentary and meagre spirit of sciolism which says to its pupils, “Get a scrap of knowledge sufficient for a trade and a fee—the starkest of folly is superfluous study; and the greatest of simpletons is the man who knows too much.” His own chosen department, indeed, every scholar should have, in which he may master the ultimate, and push discovery beyond the known ultimate; but the very epithet *liberal*, so often applied to the scholar, should remind him that his part is not the whole, and that there are far distant regions of thought, cultivated by tastes as rational as his own, in whose success it would become him, with a catholic spirit, to rejoice.

III. And what should be the *ÆSTHETIC* character of the true man? Just what is the æsthetic character of our divine Creator. For, strange as this answer may seem, is not a divine regard to the sentiment of beauty spread, with softening and serene effect, over the hardness and asperity of the whole creation? The globe’s surface, thanks to divine beneficence, is not one cragged floor of primary granite, where the aching eye parches the soul, with a boundless monotony of adamant. And sciences and morals, too, are severe and adamantine; they *alone* crisp and dry up the soul, unless the

genial elements of sensibility and taste mingle their softening and refining effect. Even scientific enthusiasm, *alone*, has a crotchety aspect; the lores of the triangles have many sharp corners; the very smile of the "pure reason" is grim and bony. Go out, shrivelled abstractionist, into the pure air, and let the beauty that God has spread all over creation, call out the response of the congenial sensibilities. And human art, too, a sweet and humble imitator of the omnipotent artist, has pointed her pencil and edged her chisel, to copy the forms and reduplicate the charms of nature. And the lively Greek, in his graphic language, called the copier of nature in immortal rhyme, ποιητης—the *maker*—for he was creator of a new ideal world. And the world of thought and of social manners presents many a form and movement on which taste may expatiate, and with her subtlest of logic, may lay her transcendental rules, and draw a thousand refining inferences. And, refining the feelings, and softening the features of the otherwise austere thinker, these reflex influences spread their amenities over his life and manners, and invest the *scholar* with the attributes of the *gentleman*.

The *gentleman*, I say, but not the *fop*. For, exquisite refinements are but the light trimmings, not the solid staple of life. He who allows his manhood to be expended upon the draperies and furbelows—the graces and effeminacies of life—has mistaken the masculine purpose of living, and has sunk from man to dandy. And over-refinement becomes a vice, and clusters around itself a whole genus of vices, so numerous and so dark, that the moralist questions whether ultra-civilization is not worse than barbarism. And when, as in the decline of the Roman Empire, civilization has plunged into her ocean of licentious degeneracy, in spite of the consequent misery, history all but rejoices when the populous forests pour their inundations of healthful barbarism into that chasm of human corruption. What wonder, then, that the Puritan, in his reformatory mission, often delivers a denunciatory malediction upon the whole tribe of amusements and gratifications of taste as the fair allies of evil—the Delilahs of the human race! What wonder that the stern Iconoclasts, of all ages, have made short work with the *idola* of taste and art; and that the ascetic element of religion has,

ever and anon, been obliged to reappear as the antagonist of the seductive blandishments of these soft subduers of the virtues, as well as the ferocities of less civilized life.

IV. Our live pattern of a man thus far being outlined—corporeally, intellectually, and æsthetically—we may fairly assume it to be *dynamically* (if I may use the metaphysician's ordinary privilege of pillaging the vocabulary of physics) the fit residence of mighty motive powers. These DYNAMICS of the *manly character* I reckon as three: genius, talent, and objective enterprise.

1. Most envied, least enviable of the attributes of mind, *genius* is the victim of the inspiration by which it is immortal and immortalizes all it touches. It is a splendid fever whose deliriums enchant the world. It is an Æolian music, breathed by an ethereal aura, through a framework of fine-strung nerves. Corporeal health is too gross for its presence. As its body is scarce sound, so its mind is scarce sane. What work it makes when it undertakes worldly business and sagacious management! Earthly-minded common sense stares with homely pity at its dainty attempts at plans and statesmanship. And then among its unaccountables will be rare strokes of power—hits of miraculous accident, facile achievements where common sense would have denied even a forlorn hope.

With such traits of infantile simplicity and such supernatural shoots of irregular power, it is the very image with which artists picture the cherub—the baby-angel. But it has neither an infant innocence nor an angel bliss. It is unhappy. It is nervous, and cannot sleep o'nights; it is dreamy, and scarce awake by day. It is imprudent, and in its anger speaks irreverent words. Then its basilisk eye sees things in rare lights, detects unexpected vulnerabilities, and strikes the exposed skin with a sting that leaves a venom and a vengeance. Its bon-mots are fiery flying serpents; whoso is bitten, dies supernaturally. And those who are smitten by its brilliant hits are nowise thankful, or considerate that all this is "genius," and "nervousness," and "a way it has." If any of you have, in your nonage and simplicity, prayed for genius, go bring a thank-offering if Providence has not granted in wrath your

supplication. The man who could sell a whole conflagration of genius for a few sparks of common sense, would make a common sense bargain. And yet the world owes a tenderer dealing, a warmer gratitude, and a richer compensation to the child of genius. Its infirmities and miseries are the conditions of its power, and of its brilliant donations to the world. Those rare beings who have provided us ambrosia for the soul, are after all somewhat nobler than the rustic who raises breadstuffs for the stomach. Their very hearts' substance has fed the blaze which has been the world's light and glory. The power that has possessed them has strung them up to preternatural heights, has borne them on high, to see supernal things and speak immortal words; and then has dropped them in deep reaction beneath their natural level. And how has genius filled the world with her ethereal music, animating men's frames with a celestial elasticity, making our souls more capacious of grand conceptions, giving our very nature new phases of grace and power and elevation! Over our hard material earth genius has spread a spiritual world; and into our dense and murky atmosphere has infused a purer ether; and through all sensuous sounds has breathed a sweeter music; and within the spirit of man himself has created a higher being; so that genius is a renovator of nature and of man. And if those true genii of inborn magic, the sons of genius, though tutelar benefactors of our kind, are themselves not happy, sorrow for their woes should mingle with our gratitude, and indulgence for their errors should sustain the full tribute of our reverence for their greatness and glory.

There were good *dæmons*, (for such was great Jove's supreme counsel,)
 The blessed, terrestrial warders of suffering mortals,
 The guardians of justice, averters of terrible misdeeds;
 Invested with ether, their pathway encircles creation,
 Wealth-giving geniuses—such was their regal office.

Τοὶ μὲν δαίμονες εἰσι, Διὸς μέγαν διὰ βουλὰς
 Ἑσθλοὶ, ἐπιχθόνιοι, φύλακες θνητῶν ἀνθρώπων.
 Οἱ ῥα φυλάσσουσιν τε δίκας καὶ σέβηματα ἔργα,
 Ἡέρα ἑστάμενοι, πάντα φοιτῶντες ἐπ' αἶαν,
 Πλουτοδόται. Καὶ τοῦτο γέρας βασιλῆϊον ἔσχον

2. But there stands *talent* — manly and self-sustained — maimed with no infirmities, and asking no favors. Talent is the great strength of all the manly faculties, working with a spontaneous flexibility, in the most arduous modes of action. It is stately, healthful, large, proportioned *mind*; fit resident to occupy and endow the manly person, with all possible of human majesty. It has no inspirations, like genius: it is merely the earthly faculties grown to their utmost latitude and altitude. Genius is intense and dazzling; talent is clear and illuminating. Genius leaps to daring, and sometimes to priceless originalities; talent walks by the route of a sure and natural logic to the just conclusion. Talent is an accurate calculator, a profound planner; genius is the intuitive discoverer, the creative inventor. Talent belongs to the conservative, and genius to the movement party. Talent regulates itself by practical conventionalities; genius strikes at the radical element and sweeps into the universal principle. Talent is overbearing, proscriptive, aristocratic; genius is audacious, defying, democratic. Genius startles, but talent guides; genius charms mankind, but talent justly rules the world.

Yet talent alone constitutes not the highest known style of intellectual man. It is noble, but it has not grandeur, far less sublimity. It is not until the noble outlines of talented manhood radiate with the sparklets of genius superadded,—when the noblest human model is invested with some flashing fringes of the divine, that we behold the MAN — *the MAN wonderful to men*. It is then that intellect walks to the ultimate verge of a sure-stepping logic, and then darts up into an infallible intuition. It is then that the profound plan is deepened into a memorable invention. It is then that the far forecasting calculation shoots out into prophecy. It is then the man is a phenomenon—rarer than miracles—one of the upper half-dozen in all the world's ages.

Genius is a pure gift; talent, more — yet not mainly — an attainment. “Acquire a taste,” nay, even “acquire a talent” — but no teacher bids his pupil, *acquire a genius*. Physical health, mental strength, stored memory, disciplined reason, cherished imagination, chastened taste, trained activity, these are “such stuff as”

talent "is made of." Combine these together into yourself so far as nature, circumstances, and self-training will afford, and you have attained your own highest development. Combine them together, ideally, in some model conception, and you have the man, in the the highest degree prepared to walk out upon the world and make performances for history.

3. Physical and mental accomplishments, genius and and talent, are valuable to the world only through enterprise and action. Noble doing is the best proof as well as fruit of noble being. God and the world have a stern reckoning to make with the lazy possessor of waste excellence and stagnant powers. What is he strong and excellent for, if the world have no good of him? He might as well have been a minus — and the space he fills, a vacuity. If, in physics, the effect is measure of the cause, so in character, the product is the final measure of the value. The true man, at the present day, is a centre around whom the avenues of noble action open, like radii, in myriads of diverging directions. Every route of active usefulness is now honorable. Science is giving aid and conferring honor upon every beneficial pursuit, and making almost every occupation a profession. The lawyer, the physician, and the preacher, the teacher, the editor, and the lecturer, the merchant, the mechanist, and the agriculturist, may each, by the dignity of his character and action, impart to his pursuit the professional rank. And it is this grand union of the mental and the manual, of thought and labor, of intellectual ability with objective enterprise, that is quickening the action and changing the face of the world. And truly no knightly champion, caparisoned and mounted, moving to the tournament; no hero, rushing in power and bravery to the field of conquest, ever shone more nobly than the youthful aspirant, endowed with high qualities of nature, trained with all the appliances of education, inspired with an honorable ambition, going forth to the enterprise of a life-time. All our sympathies kindle in his favor; the eye of age drinks in youth as it gazes upon him; and an involuntary prayer quivers upon the lip, "Propitious Providence, bless the world with his success."

V. Concentrating and crowning, finally, all these qualities of character, which unite to build up our true man, is the *SPIRITUAL principle* by which the seal of God himself is set upon his own noblest work. Without religion, as a faith and a hope, a feeling and a law, the whole combination is of the earth, earthy. This places him in his true position, located on earth yet connected with heaven; occupying a serial place in human history, and yet, organized as a part of the divine plan,—a plan which, drawing its origin from depths of past eternity, sends its issues into all eternity to come.

Matter of congratulation it is, that I am not, upon this subject, obliged to address you in the words of doubt or despair, uttered by an eloquent French Professor, Joffroy, to the young men of the University of France. I am not obliged with him to announce that the progress or the pride of our age had outgrown Christianity as a former age outgrew Paganism; and that we are now arrived at a blank interval for weary ages of creedless, faithless, hopeless despair, until the far-off future shall construct or receive a new religious system, suited to its era. And we feel no envy when we thus see the orb of an infidel philosophy, towering to its highest noon—alas! the noon of night,—eclipsed, with a total eclipse, at its very zenith—able from its dusky disk to shed only ebon beams of Egyptian gloom; radiating the blackness of darkness on the human soul. This is the triumph of the gospel of despair! and what Pandemonium can theology fulminate deeper or blacker than its consummation? The direct curse upon its ghastly Apostles is the completest success of their Atheist mission. Providence has only to breathe upon them and compel themselves to be their proper hell.

No, young gentlemen, thanks be to God, in our native land Christianity still stands, militant indeed, yet master of the field. Christianity and Republicanism—faith and freedom—still go hand in hand, yielding each other a mutual support—yet each the more firm for standing by their own strength upon the moveless platform of reason, truth and human good. Still on and onward shall be their associate march. Advancing time shall deepen the intensity of their lustre, establish the centralism of their power, and spread the area of their triumph and dominion. Their struggle is the

moral battle of the world ; and the millennium of their reign shall be the joy of the earth, and the salvation of the race.

When the celebrated Chesterfield was asked by a Parisian lady, "Why, my lord, does England still retain Christianity?"—"Madame," he replied, with that mixture of repartee and philosophy which met the case he was dealing with, "Madame, because, as yet, we have been able to find nothing better." And, gentlemen, be assured you will, in your journey through life, find nothing better than the faith of your fathers. You cannot wait until centuries shall roll up that religion of the far future, predicted by the philosopher-prophet of Paris. And in the formation of manly character *need* you any thing better? Can any system, under the present constitution of nature, present motives more powerful for walking in the path of righteousness; principles of purer rectitude to enlighten the conscience; a standard of higher sanctity of soul in life; consolations more sustaining for the hour of repentance; or brighter assurances amid the shades that margin around the gates of death? With the present constitution of nature premised, what but a system of supernatural truth, could so interweave itself with the very warp of human history, placing itself in the very texture of historic facts so inextricably as not to be rent away, without leaving the credibility of history itself in fragments? And entering its circle of doctrines, were I to name one truth more essential, more divinely wise than any other, it should be that one which demands our highest elevation of faith—the central truth centrally maintained by the church of ages—the identification of God with man in the person of its glorious founder. For what rival religious founder can stand in competition with the demonstrated *Deus ipse*—the Jehovah incarnate—God manifest in the flesh? With that pinnacle truth assumed, I arraign every other system, and every no-system, before the bar of Christianity, try its character and pronounce its destiny. Whether pope, prophet or reformer,—Gregory, Mahomet or Luther—or, whether wit, philosopher or clairvoyant, Voltaire, Hume or Swedenborg—if they preach any other gospel, or any anti-gospel, let them be anathema. Until that new sun-like system, foreseen by Parisian prophecy, shall blaze upon us—brighter than noonday in

the splendor of its own self-demonstration—we may safely place the gospel of Christ in the category of unquestioned and primary assumptions—to submit to the touch of no other test—the test of all things else. Happy indeed our case, if ourselves can stand its test. Happy, if guided by its truths, sustained by its hopes, and purified by its spirit, in the morning of eternity, we be tried in its balance and found NOT WANTING.

Young gentlemen, in the name of your Alma, *Valete, gaudete, abite*. Go, but return—return again and again. Come, when the day comes—and inscribe yourselves with her second sanction. Join your brother alumni—cherish a fraternal affection with each other, and a filial allegiance to this your common intellectual parent. The day is coming, when your young brotherhood, whom she shall send out, will be her strong pillars of support, and her rallying host of defence. The fathers of our peninsular state, and the light of our peninsular church, in the future, sent forth, credentialed from her halls, will one day cluster around her as a central nucleus, gathering to her festivals as a happy family around the paternal board. To have been a denizen of her republic, will yet be a gladsome title. Through all her changes, then, stand by her; and she shall be to you a crown of honor. Curators and Faculties are transient; but our noble University is *monumental*. Depart, then, sons of the University of Michigan! proud of that title, may you be that title's pride; and may the blessing of your Alma, your State and your God, forever rest upon you.

THE MAN-REPUBLIC.

AMPHI BETA KAPPA ORATION

DELIVERED AT

THE WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY,

AUGUST, 1850.

THE MAN-REPUBLIC.

GENTLEMEN OF THE Φ. B. K. :

IT is at your bidding, kindly given and still more kindly repeated, that once more—aye, once more—I stand amid the old familiar scenes, surrounded by mine ancient friends, beneath the shade of our already venerable Alma, and on the very palæstra—the platform of by-gone intellectual contests. The world has very much agreed to look upon the literary profession as a charmed and half-fabulous existence. The academic man is a man of paper—the College festival is but a performance of paper characters upon a paper stage ; and the utterances are but a papery sort of reality—a shadow of a sound—a vox et preterea nihil. But every heart knoweth its own emotions—every man is important to himself. The universe, in fact, is nothing to me, but as it creeps in through the little spy-glass of my perceptions ; and makes itself important to me, only in some awakened emotions. When therefore the great noisy, insolent world is pleased to say to us, “Of what value are your little shadowy events and personages?”—we have a retort which is perhaps quite as true as it is brave—Of what value to us are your rumbling machineries and blustering stage heroes ? Like most wordy controversies, where the importance of the champions comes into the debate, this altercation must become a draw game. Each party convinces himself, and retires triumphant from the battle, content to allow his opponent the privilege of enjoying a triumph which there is no possibility of destroying. Yes, the emotions of each beating

heart are often big enough to fill its whole measure ; and what then is the outside world, with all its magnitudes and momentums, to that *φίλον κηρ*—that dear heart ?

It is sixteen years since, in the sanguine morning of my young manhood, upon the second Commencement day of our Alma, that, called by that voice whose tones of mild authority still live in the ear of memory, I here stood, to pronounce the inaugural essay which recognized my place among the honored brothers in letters who filled your professors' chairs. Sixteen years ! and now here I stand, corporeally as well as mentally, very much a paper man. And the shadows of the years, as they have over-rolled us, have cast their dimness over my brother effigies. Mingled memories of what we were, and perceptions of what, after such an interval, we are, blend themselves dreamily together, before my gazing and somewhat confused eye. I see double. On every feature I descry a filmy mask—a false face, and yet a true ; the face of memory and the face of reality—the expression of the past dimming over the lineaments of the present. I see treble. I catch a glimpse of the deep future. Its features are more dream-like and varying still ; but distinctly enough I see it, to know that it is not the scholar alone who is the paper man. The giants of this world, as well as the pigmies, the actors as well as the musers, are but the rag article—paper men in a paper world.

And truly a sexdecennial interval carves an integral segment from one man's brief biography. Youth passes to mid-life ; mid-life verges into the margin of age. It forms one of the hearings of the public upon the individual, that our periodic national changes serve, like the Roman Consulships, as chronometers for each man's private history. Each Presidential inauguration cuts a big notch in our own little life-tally. The world's great clock keeps our pocket time-pieces correct ; and all the world keeps time together. The same moment crosses all alike. The same indivisible instant, like an omnipresence, lies upon all immensity at once. And so all our pulses keep tune. Our sympathies move in symphonies. Of the little literary republic of whom our Alma forms the radiating centre, the chartered denizens bearing our letters-patent are forth in every

quarter on their missions; and in each separate pathway, their hearts have throbbed with life's varied emotions. But to a heart-seeing eye, whose glance could pervade them all at once, it would be seen that their throbs have been mutually responsive to each other, and all to the heart of all humanity; and the same moments that pervade all immensity alike, witness the stupendous gushes of the infinite heart of the universe.

But interesting as the sympathy may be, which consists in identity of time, or in the combination of one all-grasping mind, it is to another oneness that I wish to invite your attention. It was one of the very truth-like hallucinations of that most splendid of all monomaniacs, Immanuel Swedenborg, that man is an epitome of the creation; and that the universe exists in the human shape. Thoughtful minds have often perceived the analogy between the individual and the nation; rhetoric has often attributed the qualities of personality to a kingdom; logic has often based her reasonings on this imaginative analogy; and here, as often elsewhere, Swedenborg has transformed conception into dogma, rhetoric into theology. Yet it is an analogy which ever haunts the mind, that a nation is a great organic personality; popular imagination loves to personify a people into some ideal embodiment—endowing it with individual traits, and labelling it with some, perhaps homely, nickname. Frequently such impersonations are but burlesque effigies—rather reflections of the prejudices of the constructors, than true representatives of their supposed originals.

A nation, let us assume, then, is a great personality. It has a soul; and if we would paint it a body, we must assume that body may somehow be the expression of soul; and so make we for this great soul, a body to match. A nation's soul is the great collective of the individual souls; a public mind is the grand aggregation of single minds. Politicians often talk of manufacturing public opinion; and that is a small business; there is a creation of a public mind, and that is a momentous business. For the national person, like the individual person, has its character, its responsibility and its retribution. The individual soul is immortal, and its retribution fills eternity; the organic soul is dissoluble, and its retribution is confined

to time. As a component part of the great organism, the individual, however excellent his personal character, shares the liabilities of the whole body, and must share that body's fate. He may suffer here, the penalty of public sins of which, singly, he is singularly guiltless. As yet, the world's ages have not produced the nation which has stood the test of its responsibilities. Guilt has been their uniform character; judgment has been their uniform destiny. Each in succession, under God's permission, has started up, ambitious to try its blind experiment; each has had ample means and light for the right path; each has had ample temptation to test its temper; each in turn has achieved a voluntary, yet ignominious failure. However it may have been with individual, national souls have been uniformly *damned*! History is a perfect book of judgment; and earth has become a gehenna of doomed nations. Struck with the recurrence of the same great historic decay, men have resolved its uniformity into a law, and have made it an ultimate maxim, which maxim they have endeavored to make plausible by the analogy between the national and the individual personality. As a man has his infancy, manhood, and decline, so, they infer, must nations. If this parallelism means simply to stand as an impressive illustration, it is striking; but let it not set up for reasoning. That the vital powers of an individual body soon physically decline, we know to be an inherent law. But what is meant by the physical old age and decline of a race? All races are equally old — the all-conquering Anglo-Saxon as the all-submitting Italian. My family is as old as the Duke of Buckingham's, only I have lost my pedigree. Though I cannot, from loss of documents, name the live men who stand, in a direct hereditary row, between the great navigator of the ark and myself, yet they all lived, and doubtless *had* names. Men are transitory; races are perpetual. Why, then, do nations die? We answer, Great Babylon comes up before God and is judged. The thrones are set and the books are opened, and the beast is cast into the burning flame, to be consumed to the end.

National character then embraces all the elements of national destiny. As in the individual, so in the collective, if the organic INTELLECT be wise, if the great public HEART, natural and moral, be

sound, if the executive WILL, in all its deeds and volitions, be just, then shall the reward be glory, honor, immortality, and eternal life. When the advent of that nation comes, or when the advent of such a state comes to any nation, then let the glad *Ἑυρηκα* peal through the world. The grand problem of human history is solved; the grand hope of humanity is fulfilled.

Let us, then, take up these several elements that form the character of our national person. Patriot enough I would be, to wish either to find, or to make, this happy equilibrium of saving qualities in our own great country. And yet I find it difficult to frame the conception of—not merely a “*man-mountain*,” but of—a MAN-CONTINENT! Impatient of magnitude or limit, I see our monster-mortal stretching itself over a hemisphere—a vast mermaid, or rather *mer-man*—always annexing a little more room—until with its head baptized by the polar sea, it listens with either ear to the duet of the Atlantic and Pacific; and projecting the spinal ridge of the Rocky Mountains from its back, it seeks to unfold its tail downward along the Darien. If our faith and patriotism be intense enough to repose high hopes in this continental Caliban, then it is for this body that we are to furnish the well-balanced soul.

I. Taking, then, first, the INTELLECT, as distinguished from the *heart* and *will*, we have noble tools, in this our day, wherewith to make a nation's intellect. We will class them as three: the SCHOOL, the PRESS, and the POST.

Of these three, the SCHOOL, taking also in its three-fold division, of *primary*, *academic*, and *university*, stands, in time and in importance, first. So important is it, that all civilized ages have had it in some form; so that the modern shares it with the ancient world. A complete consummation of a nation's intellect demands that the primary school communicate to every child that grows up within our limits, the complete elements of an English education. I am sorry for the statesman who can quote as a maxim, applicable and worthy of our times, the celebrated wish of Henry the Fourth, that every peasant in his realm might have a chicken in his pot. Poultry is good—is

necessary ; but, then, where there exists a real complete public soul, the pottage may be taken for granted ; and a higher standard of wish may be erected. Let a benevolent despot look upon his subjects as so many live stomachs, necessary to be fed, in order that the pair of toil-seared hands thereto attached, may be kept stout and operative. Poor democracy cannot live without brains ; and in a democratic nation's vast cerebrum there must not be one particle unimpregnated with the essence of knowledge. The immense infusion of foreign population into our nation, renders the work of seeing that every inhabitant of our land is educated, a truly Herculean task. This is an evil to be met, not by exclusion, but by a more active effort. The great double mission of our country, to preserve freedom for the home-born, and to offer it for the refugee, has been, and must be, nobly accomplished. It is a toil of glory, and it is a toil too for life. It is a right maxim—give the people all the education, and then all the power possible. Give the great body a wise soul, and then give up the body to the soul. Now that soul, wise or foolish, has acquired possession of that body ; the popular will has completely gained the power over the national body. Power, which some have said steals from the many to the few, has with us, gone completely over to the side of the many. Whether education has sufficiently preceded the power, some doubt, and I will not decide ; but in either case, vital safety demands that, with all our might, we supply the primary educational deficit. From foreign lands, and from our own home cradles, every passing year is rolling up a world-wide wave of population, ever calling for a fresh supply of knowledge. Otherwise, it is a wave of overwhelming ignorance, which must sink our national ship, unless all hands rush to the rescue. And when one wave is conquered, another and another roll up their perpetual successions, and make this labor for life, a life's labor. O, your pedagogue is the true patriot. The pedagogue, indeed, you never allow to be the demagogue. You would sooner give him your heart's blood, or even your pocket-book, than your vote. His only palace is the school house ; his sceptre, the birch ; and his sinecure is the delight of labor, without the burden of a salary. And yet he is the ruler of your

rulers. He can never be your senator, but he is your senate-former. He can never be President, nor of the Cabinet, but he is the President's creator, and your noblest sort of Cabinet-maker.

Now, it is a genuine ground of triumph for the common school-master, that he can, (as he often has,) furnish to the nobly aspiring mind, a sufficient start, without any other regular scholastic pupilage, to attain the highest points of eminence. From the schoolmaster many a proud acquirer of high positions sheers the Professor in his career. "When a man fairly understands his alphabet," said a simple-hearted young self-educationist, "he may easily understand any thing else ; for the twenty-six letters are the key to all knowledge." Mighty indeed is the spelling book. It is the pre-requisite to all that is intellectual, free and glorious. It opens the way to the library, the newspaper, and the Bible ; to the pulpit, the university and the senate ; to the public happiness, to popular freedom, and to national glory ; to the improvements of ages and the transfiguration of humanity. With more than the enthusiasm of Diana's worshippers, then, would we shout—Great is the hornbook of the school-master. It supplies the first element of public brain, without which thought could never move, and intellectual existence would be impossible.

But while I thus claim for the school-house, all that its most enthusiastic champion could suggest, I equally affirm the necessity of the Academy and the University, to the full development of a public mind. Shame on the jacobin cant that would set them in opposition ! The school is indeed the pre-requisite to the higher departments of life ; just as childhood is pre-requisite to manhood. Wondrous is birth ; beautiful and glorious is childhood : but both are little worth without the maturity. Without that maturity, birth and childhood would default and cease. With the primary school alone, the public mind would soon dwarf and then perish. If the alumnus of the school-house often overtowers the alumnus of the University, it is because he ever after moves in an intellectual atmosphere, made luminous by the emanations of higher institutions of science. Christianity moralizes myriads unembraced within the church ; impregnating with holy influences multitudes whom she

cannot regenerate. So the University educates masses to whom she gives no diploma. Did not the University exist, higher science would be lost; a thousand discoveries which have beamed from the empyrean towers of scholasticism, would still have slumbered in darkness; and myriads of inventions which now are hourly crossing the path of the saunterer, would have never come into existence. The school-house cannot stand alone; for as, on the one hand, that wisdom which builds the school-house will soon rear the University, so, on the other hand, the Vandalism which would strike down the University, would soon blow up the school-house. Reduce the public mind to the mere abecedarianism of the hornbook, and the hornbook itself would soon be rat-eaten. The sound existence of a public mind requires the existence of a learned class; not necessarily geniuses, nor inventors, nor authors, (although it is well if they be such,) but scholars. These should be allowed the time and the means of profound study, that they may, in their successive generations, be the traditional preservers of the ark of knowledge, the keepers of the eternal fires of science. I plead not for any thing that properly can be called a *learned leisure*, for profound learning has no leisure. With the continued brevity of our postdiluvian lives, with the accumulating masses of new sciences to be acquired, with that Egyptian taskmaster, competition, scourging him on, the great scholar has no spare moments. "Please, Mr. Scholar," says some lady, intensely engaged at embroidering, "read such—or such—or such a book; you have plenty of time." "Time? A thousand volumes, half an Alexandrian library, are lying, like grists at the hopper, waiting for their turn." But if there can be no learned leisure, there should be a leisure for learning. There is no tendency to barbarism more apparent in our great and fierce Democracy, or more sure of its result, than a jealousy of the professed student's leisure, or an anxiety to overtask him with the worth of his salary in day's work teaching. You may thus make him a teacher; but do not additionally demand of him to be in the loftiest sense of the term, a scholar. What is taught in our highest University courses, is but a small fraction of the immense stores that are untaught; if you confine your learned class to the ordinary routine, you abandon

vast continents of learning to silence and old night, from which might, at the good time, be brought those treasures of knowledge that would serve the world which contemns them. We firmly assert, then, that in the new ages, as under the sway of the hoary past, the school—the school—primary, academic, and University—is the central sun of civilization, whose fires are ever to be supplied with alimment, and whose radiations must ever constitute the light of the world's intellect.

The superiority of the modern forms of the School over the ancient, is by no means as striking as that great triumph—and parent of triumphs—of modern over ancient ages, THE PRESS. What a sorry figure would the establishment of the fraternal copartnership of the Sossii & Co. exhibit—the crack publishing house of Augustan Rome—with their few hundreds of unwieldy volumes of rolled parchment, painfully transcribed with a reed or iron pen, beside our Harper & Brothers, whose mere advertisement catalogues would furnish more pages than all Augustan Rome ever published ! Much the same figure which the squadrons of Persian and Grecian barques, which fought the sea-fight of Salamis would exhibit beside the modern “ Ironsides ” and “ Peace-makers ” who achieve the Trafalgars and Navarinos of our day. President Jefferson's immortal squadron of gun-boats might have vanquished the whole navy of all antiquity together in a single fight. But the glories of the modern press are yet to be unrolled, when our whole continent is to be overspread with its dense and living civilization ; when the Rocky Mountains shall, like the back-margin of a great book, demark, but not divide, two great outspread pages of united empire, an empire that shall cover with a busy population, the hills and vales, the green river-sides and the broad savannas of our young continent.

The productions of the press may first be contemplated in the more permanent form of the *library*—the settled form of ancient lore, established science, and enshrined genius. It constitutes the entire treasury of the world's standard intellectual wealth. The library is, as it were, the world's great memory, containing all it knows ; it is that cell in the world's phrenology which holds its boarded masses of fixed thought ; it is reflection which has ceased to

effervesce and has crystallized into solid cubic form. Modern meditation is still adding, like the slow accretions of a coral island, its immortal accumulations to the stupendous pile. And of all it still knows, the world must forget nothing. Many an erasure has time made on the old parchments and papyri; many a *hiatus valde deflendus* yawns between immortal paragraphs—*valde deflendus*, because all the world's wit cannot re-write the lost syllables: but the next best thing shall be—the world will not forget any more. To oblivion the Press hath said, "*Thus far and no farther.*" Not that every offspring of dulness is to be embalmed and lie in everlasting state; for these are nothings, and cannot enter into memory. The world does not know them, and so cannot forget them. But every real substantive addition is contributed to the world *in fee* and forever; nor can the maker destroy it, or the giver take it back. Much is yet to be gathered from the ruins of the past, and to be booked up. Egypt and Asia, Persepolis and Nineveh have many a recollection buried in their mouldering piles and pyramids. These are all to be disinterred and re-known. They are to go into the everlasting library; aye, into the world's memory and mind. And such will be our expansion of population, that our intellectual market will demand that all that is treasured in the vast libraries of Europe shall come under American type; and every department of past thought shall find among our million of millions, its alcove and its amateurs. If the mass of erudition so stored is incalculable, so is the multitude of investigators who learn it. There is knowledge enough for all learners, and learners enough for all knowledge. I bestow my pity on that little ephemeral mind, who thinks that the world cannot afford to know so much, because *it does not pay*. Such men seem vexed, because there is more knowledge in the world than one brain can acquire. They are envious, because when they have studied a whole life to become learned, they every day pass another and another man, learned in a department of which they can, in one short life, know nothing. Let them know, that though one cannot learn the whole, yet the whole can be parcelled off to its own set; and so the world always knows all it ever knew. The world, in its great advances of mind, does not know at what

time it needs some past fact ; these various sets of students, who live to *know*, are as the recollective faculty in the mundane cranium ; a little cerebral vibration only is necessary, a little stir in this knowing mass, and the past fact is forthwith produced.

But, outside the shutters of the library, the press is generating its live swarms of ephemera—legionary and winged—many of them honey-bearing—many venomous—all noisy. These are all ephemera in the sense that they are born to-day ; the most part are ephemera in the sense also that to-day they must die. The large share are striving to pass from the transient to the permanent, but are mostly doomed. Some of them are emanations from the library itself, reproduced ; these are no new creations, but duplicates ; they need not go into the library, for they are already there. But still, genius and science are the two producers whose works are ever enlarging the library. Oratory is pouring forth her syllables of wisdom ; poetry is weaving her spells ; history is reporting her events ; and romance is fabricating her mimic-histories. In the sphere of science, we behold the astronomer with his telescope ; the chemist with his crucible ; the geometer with his diagram ; the geologist with his pickaxe ; each, with his note-book in his hand, ready to record his discovery : that discovery forming but a single line, yet that line a precious and immortal volume. Each is glad to send his little specimen, carefully labelled with his own name, into the great alcoves. So goes immortal thought into thought's immortal repository. The library, from the spoils of the press, is ever living and ever growing.

But as atheism itself cannot frame a world, without not only *matter*, but also *motion*, so our intellectual system would be inert, as the quagmires of chaos, if to the library and the press we could not add the post. Thinking is not mere thought, but, as I may say, the *motion* of thought. What worth is mind, or idea, if it stand stock still ? In spite of all past acquirement, this paralysis of the reflective action would be, in the individual, idiocy ; in the public, barbarism. But, now, as the press is perpetually pouring permanent acquisitions into the library, so it is pouring the contents of the library, as well as its own ephemeral productions, with intense rapidity, and measureless volume, through all parts of the public system. This

is the movement of national thought ; and so not only a national mind is formed, but it is set to thinking. Attention concentrates the grand faculties upon some one grand object ; by step after step, does the great simultaneous mind march through the process of problem after problem ; upon the basis of each established conclusion does our corporate man take his stand, for the achievement of further discoveries. And all this, with such a masterly unanimity, that upon great central questions, what all know, each knows. And under the term POST, I do not include alone the *mail*, which carries the products of the daily, weekly, monthly, and quarterly periodical. When the network of electric wires has completely woven its lightning texture over our whole land, one idea may at one and the same moment be thought in San Francisco and in Portland. Nay, at one instant, every main point of our whole continental surface may be thinking the same matter. Some knotty enigma of politics, or science, may, at one moment, puzzle the general cogitations ; one shock of feeling may thrill through the general heart ; one master witticism may shake the ponderous sides of our man-continent, with mirth far out-roaring, what Æschylus calls, the “ countless laugh-
ters of old Ocean’s cheeks.” And such may be the transmissibility of thought, that the nation’s mind may know its own mental operations, making the highest step of intellect from reasoning to consciousness. With wondrous reflectiveness, it may watch its own subjective processes, review its own judgments, and analyze its own interior traits. And thus may the collective, as well as the individual mind, attain the height of subtle and accomplished intellect.

II. But our collective man must also be furnished with what all language has symbolized by the physical term HEART—the organic bundle of sensibilities and appetites, natural and moral. And within this bundle, preëminently, *destiny* is enveloped. Within the stupendous enclosure of a NATION’S HEART, mighty is the struggle between the lower and the higher principles, and most decisive will be the results. There is yet a terrible mass of Heathendom within the bosom of Christendom. Send your missionaries downward, ye guardians of the church, for all the vices of paganism are underlying

us in the depths of our nation's heart, in the subterranean haunts of ignorance and abandonment. And thence ascend moral vapors, pestilences and smoke, as of the bottomless pit. Old hereditary depravities, vices of ancient stereotype form, are still perpetuated; and the freshness of modern genius demonstrates itself in the origination of new iniquity. Still does licentiousness throw poison into the wells of life; and so diffuse its taint, to an unsuspected extent, through all the streams and veins of public health. Still does intemperance set on fire the course of nature, itself set on fire of hell. Still does the war-spirit send its maddening *hurrah* through the hearts of our populace, ever ready to lead them out into piratical marauds, upon our weaker if not honester neighbors; ever alert to revive what we had once hoped obsolete, the old-fashioned vice of decrepit royalty, the plain vulgar war of contest; ever courted by those bowing, simpering courtiers of the mob, who in Russia would have been the vilest panders of the despot, the demagogues of war. And there stands slavery—never less ashamed than now—not couchant, but rampant—making her plans to live forever—boldly claiming to advance by equal steps with freedom—as if darkness were as good as light, and the devil had as fair a *right* to a lion's share as Messiah. Nor may you marvel, friends, if I who was once noted here as the “apologist of slavery,” can now present myself its stern assailant. For its *existence* I did, and would, apologize; but never for its *extension*. I would deal gently with the hereditary sin of its being; but I abhor the stupendous volitional crime of its propagandism. And when I think what a scheme of continental enormity the slave power is struggling to develop before us, my heart sickens with disgust and my soul is paralyzed with horror. The great market for human cattle, if the slave-power can succeed, is to be opened in the new States of the west, for which the supply is to be raised in the east. Our Atlantic States are to become the American Guinea. Old Virginia, the mother of Presidents, barren of tobacco and fecund of bipeds, has already gone to breeding babies for sale! Sweet Carolina is anxious to drive her children to the shambles. Asiatic Georgia has long been celebrated on the page of infamy, for selling her fair offspring to the harem; American Georgia is eager to out-

rival that shame, by selling her tawny daughters to the sugar field and the gold mine. When the trade of human cattle-breeding is fully established, and the east shall annually pour her myriads of yoked, scourged and hand-cuffed live stock, like a mighty gulf-stream, to the west, the prohibition of the foreign slave-trade will be a fine protective tariff for the encouragement of this domestic production. Then will come a grand slaveocratic millennium, in which the east will be the slave-breeders, and the west will be the slave-consumers; the south will be the slave-holders, the north the slave-catchers. We shall doubtless then preserve the "*glorious Union!*"—as glorious, forsooth, as the ropes and chains wherewith old Mezentius bound the living man to the rotting corpse. If these indications of depravity in the national heart were our only omens, or in themselves were irremovable, small would be the hope of regenerating the public conscience into life. *Our* history, too, must turn out disastrous failure. Then wherever the star of hope should turn, whether tracing its steps back to wearied Christendom, or verging to our occident, should curve over the broad Pacific, until *west* became *east*, the prospect would be equally desperate, of renovating humanity on the shores of Europe, or the plains of Asia. Let these dark influences quench our lamp, and "I know not where is the Promethean fire that can that light relumine."

And yet ours is an era of HOPE! Turn over the pages of history and mark how other centuries have felt ages of despondency. There have been great periods when mankind was at utter discouragement. Trace, for instance, the long decline of the Roman world, in which the effete body of ancient civilization, dying by everlasting inches, sighed that the very quiet of her dissolution must be disturbed, and her corpse insulted by the inroads of the northern hordes. Christianity herself seemed to feel as if just called in to perform the death-bed and funeral rites of a fast departing world; and looked for her only millennial renewal beyond the judgment day. But at this hour, religion, science, freedom, are (each separately) looking with unanimous eye to their one coinciding terrene millennium. And yet I am perfectly aware, that there are many who feel that the career of intellect is so far outstripping the career of religion and political sci-

ence, that they are dreading the *avatar* of an intellectual millennium, in which the world will be like the arch-fiend himself, all-wise only for wickedness. Modern civilization is to them as a tower of Shinar, raising its defying summit against a menacing heaven. If this be so, burn your libraries, break down your presses, and demolish your school-houses. Let us return to barbarism, innocence and happiness. Let us retrograde to the refinements of the Choctaws, the social state of the Hottentots, and the simple superstition of the dark ages.

But ours is an era of high *moral* hope. I see in the vista of the future, a regeneration of the great heart, as well as an enlightenment of the great intellect. For truth leads to regeneration. Knowledge lifts above the debasement of crime, and shows that right is wisdom. Statistics have in vain endeavored to frighten us into the belief, that crime increases with education ; for a statistical increase of crime is often the result of a higher stringency of law and rigidity of police ; and so is a proof of a high moral tone in the governing power. Where there is no law, there is no transgression ; the multiplication of laws increases the number of convictions ; while it is at once a proof and a cause that crimes are diminishing, and that countless constellations of new virtues, the virtues of civilization, are beginning to beam. *Three-fourths* of our criminals spring from the less educated *one-fourth* of our community. How rare is the presence of a college graduate in the list of our penitentiary criminals ! And there is a moral encouragement in the fact, that every artisan in his shop and every ploughman in the field, and every merchant in his store, is working in the cause of civilization ; and so of moral improvement. Nay, many great evils are destroying, either other evils, or themselves. Commerce is binding nations in the strongest mutual bonds to keep the peace ; and so *Mammon is destroying Mars*. The railway and telegraph are breaking up the hostile demarcations which once divided and inflamed mankind—and so *wing-footed Mercury is tearing up old Terminus*. Education bestows upon each man that individualism at which despotism is trembling—and so *all-knowing Prometheus is dethroning Jove*. Slavery itself was once a merciful substitute for the massacre of prisoners of war—and so

the chain superseded the axe. When the science and the implements of destruction arrive at that point of perfection, that two hostile armies, however unequal in number, can, with complete precision, annihilate each other, the war trade will become unpleasant and unfashionable—and so the serpent shall be poisoned with his own venom—*similia similibus curantur*—conquest shall be conquered—captivity be led captive—and Death himself shall die.

To these influences of civilization, favorable to the elevation of a public conscience, I shall add the direct *moral* means, furnished from a high moral philosophy and a pure Christianity, symbolized by the CHAIR and the PULPIT.

Our *chairs* of philosophy, at the present day, are doubtless a great auxiliary in the elevation of the standard of public conscience. Even so late as the day of my own pupilage, the scholar was expected to understand his soul from Locke, his conscience from Paley, and his responsibility from Edwards. Of this triad, if the indicated materialism of the first, the low expediency of the second, and the granite fatalism of the third, did not prepare me for the atheism of Hume, it was because my own moral sensibilities disbelieved and repudiated the whole quaternion. I could neither believe, from the first, that I had no soul; from the second, that I had no conscience; from the third, that I had no will; nor from the fourth, that I had no God. The philosophy of the present period recognizes in the soul the power of knowing ideas that transcend matter, and so authenticates the belief in a spiritual and immortal nature; it enthrones conscience on the basis of eternal right, and so ennobles the moral and divine law; it holds the free-will of man unbound to any necessity to crime, and so inexcusable for its commission; and thus with an immortal soul, a responsible free-agency, and an eternal law divine, it follows that a judgment and an adjudging God are a matter well-nigh demonstrated.

Of such a philosophy, imperfectly developed and demonstrated, as I believe it to be, the effects are now being universally and practically felt. In polemics, the overthrow of the philosophy of fatalism, is making sad work with the theology of fatalism; the dethronement of Spinoza without the church, is shaking the position of St. Augus-

tine within the church. Narrow exclusiveness is enlarging into a Christian liberalism; and the doctrines of an all-comprehending benevolence are quickened into an all-reaching action.

And these tendencies are confirmed even by the fanaticisms that caricature the ascendant philosophy. Every great doctrine has its fanaticism; that is, its exaggeration and fiery ultraism—the mocking shadow, the night-side of a great truth; and that fanaticism is in some degree a test of the character of the system it caricatures. The fanaticism of the Locke philosophy is very rightly styled *sensual*—for earthly, sensual, and devilish, it was in spirit; and vulgar, ribald, and brutal, in language. It reduced the soul to physical sensations, conscience to calculation, free-will to mechanics, immortality to an eternal sleep, man to brute, and God to matter. This bar-room philosophy, at present, seems to have gone to its own place; and, so far as I know, it can scarce hiss or howl, even from Tammany. Now the fanaticism of the more spiritual philosophy, the transcendental infidelity, scorns this low Sadducism; she is a sleek and holy Pharisee; she is pious; she is terribly abusive against all abuses; Christianity is too unspiritual for her; Puritanism is not Puritanical enough; Methodism is not Methodistical enough. She has got into the pulpit—preaches o' Sundays—and has an “Absolute Religion.” Moreover, she is self-righteous—she thinks herself the final effort of time, thus far, in aspiring after perfection. The Bible has some good streaks in it; but it is not quintessentially perfect, like the absolute Religion. Jesus of Nazareth was very well; but in his day, time had not progressed far enough to produce her great ultimate; it took parturient centuries to gender her last great “*ridiculus mus*,” namely, the advent of the absolute-religion preacher. Now these vagaries are to a sober transcendentalism, what the sensualism of Condillac was to Lockeism—its fanaticism; but they are not a brutal fanaticism. They have an upward, and not a downward aspiration. They view man as formed for a paradise, rather than a menagerie. They do not peremptorily and totally pronounce the tenets of Christianity one priestly lie. They assert a God, a conscience, a free-will, an immortality; they even “go about to establish their own righteousness,” having a sort of

church inspiration and piety. Now the sober philosophy, of which these are the fanaticisms, must be, nearly, the *counterpart in our mere reason to Revelation*, which the Christian thinker must desiderate in a philosophy. That philosophy is progressive and aggressive in the direction of Right and Reform; and to those who know how powerful, even in ages where thought less controlled the world than now, is the ascendant philosophy, to indicate and to work great Revolutions, there can be little doubt, that our moral system, at the present day, is as the great Harbinger voice in the wilderness, crying, "Prepare."

Meanwhile, the church through the PULPIT is proclaiming the kingdom of God at hand. Hers it is to impregnate the philosophy of the age with spirituality; and thus to complete the formation of a public conscience. Or, rather, it is her office to appropriate the philosophy and the civilization of the age, and to be herself the public conscience. Christianity has a right to pervade every department of the life of responsible beings, private or public. Nor has the pulpit, a right to hush itself at the bidding of prince or people. To discuss in the pulpit a matter of secular expediency, of course, misbecomes the pulpit and the Sabbath. But the pulpit is bound to draw, unflinchingly, the boundary lines of eternal right, across whosoever field or path it cuts. Whenever a great statesman vociferates across the nation, that "*religion has nothing to do with politics*," you may be sure there is villany on foot. No man opens a war against conscience, private or public, unless conscience has some cause of quarrel against him. The man who would say to Christianity, *Hands off*, would be glad to say to the omniscient eye, *Be shut*. The political profession would, doubtless, a large share, be very glad to know that over their domains the divine law is suspended; and that Almighty God may not invade their territories. Deeply do I regret to say, that the pulpit has but too often succumbed and fearfully shrunk from standing forth the stern impersonation of the world's conscience. Let the pulpit reassert its place in the front of every enterprise for overthrowing great wrongs, and establishing great rights. Let it firmly apply the divine law to all crime, high and low, individual and governmental. Be this

done in the pure spirit of the saint, and the heroic spirit of the martyr, and pitiful, indeed, will be the figure of the politician or party who ventures to interfere.

That the church was not only the divine conscience of the world, but that such conscience had a local centre, and a successional order of living utterers, was the ecclesiastical assumption of the middle ages, not yet wholly obsolete. History will, perhaps, show, that so long as much of the ancient remaining civilization, both classic and Christian, in contrast with the barbarism of Europe, really made Rome the eye of the world, the claim to be the moral nucleus of Christendom, was in some degree sustained. But what, when the progressive enlightenment of Europe outshone the enlightenment of Rome? What, when the world's conscience became more corrupt than the world itself? If the very light itself be a darkness, how great is that darkness! Those who quote Scripture promise, that the powers of corruption shall not prevail against any local or organic ecclesiastical centre, are contradicted by history. Scripture can no more prove a historic than a scientific falsehood. The purity cannot be proved by the successional churchdom; but the churchdom must be proved by the purity. And such a test will make short work with the exclusive claims of localities and orders, and soon establish the conclusion, that where is piety, there is Christianity and Christ; and where is Christ, there is the Church. Christianity as little as civilization can be fixed to one moveless focus. It is spiritual, active, and diffusive; and, like the light, must pervade and vary its ever rolling tides through the broad ether. Luminaries and foci may stand awhile, at ten thousand points. Universities may be luminaries of civilization; churches, of Christianity; but the civilization and the Christianity themselves, must be the galaxies in whose spacious floods the luminaries float, almost lost, in the light themselves produce. Religion, then, must not be the mere dictum of a central churchdom. It must be the Christianity of God's own word, based upon and substantiated by the miraculous facts of the divine history, and impregnating a true moral philosophy, with a vivid spiritual sentiment. Transfuse this into the common heart, and you have a common conscience, in its highest state; unite this with the

lofty intellectual standard, already supposed, and we have constructed two-thirds of our Man-Republic. We have the intellect and the sensibilities—to which we must next affix the controlling WILL.

III. As of the individual, the governmental power is the WILL, so of the great person corporate, the will must be the governmental power. The will is that wondrous transition point, through which mere thought goes forth into action. It is the contact point between the agent within, and the corporeal mechanism without; the hopper through which a mere mental idea is transmuted into a physical force; the bridge upon which the subjective energy marches out upon the objective world. Parallel to this, are the media by which the sentiments and feelings of a great nation go forth into historical events, in great organic self-directive movements, or great international transactions. The media by which the modern free commonwealth seeks to attain this object, are the Ballot and the Representative system. The Ballot, our Republic inherits from ancient democracy; the Representative is, in a great degree, an invention of modern political science.

And yet the *grandeur* of the ballot is essentially modern and American. When upon the same day a great national election transpires, producing a change which in most nations would be revolution, the quiet movement, and the simple apparatus, by which it takes place, is a specimen of the moral sublime. It is a secret, yet decisive shock—a brief silence ensues—by the telegraphic thought, the nation is soon conscious of its own decision—and the implicit obedience of all parts of the great system completes the work. And there should be an honor and a sacredness upon the ballot-box. It is freedom's noblest emblem. It should be to Republicanism, what the cross is to Christianity, the image of its power. It should, as our national symbol, displace upon our national banner, that ferocious bird of prey, which, inherited from ancient Rome, betrays the iron Paganism that really lurks in our governmental system. And our election process—would to God a holy reverence could be shed around its precincts. Solemn, next to the rites of the church itself, should be these rituals of freedom. The

ballot-box is the ark of our freedom's covenant—so should the surrounding space be a sanctuary. And the vote, the badge of independence, and none the less a badge of honor, because it is shared by all, and is so an emblem of equality, ought to be impregnated with its fitting superstition, as a little leaf of a great destiny.

The greatest problem, in a model Republic, is to make the governmental *will* the exact concentration of the diffusive mind and purpose in the general mass. As in the individual the will should execute the intention of the entire mind, so should the government represent the complete soul of the nation. Even should our government represent the pure conscientious part alone of the nation, such action might be unhealthy action, and result in a still healthier reaction. Still more fearful is the danger, when the moral and the Christian part of the community, in fright, disgust, or indolence, abandon the ballot and the election ground to the possession of the intriguer and the depraved, and thus leave the conscience of the country unrepresented in the government of the country. Our country's safety cannot spare a good man's independent, conscientious vote. Nay, I would even presume to suggest, not the opinion, but the query, that as society is composed of the blended traits of both sexes, in which the stern energies of the one are softened and saved from barbarism by the softer virtues of the other, so might not our government be refined and civilized from much of its present ferocity, if the gentler half of the world possessed their share of right, to select their public as well as domestic lords? Our governmental spirit is too masculine; the representative too nearly of what society would be without the softening spirit of womanhood. And I venture to hint the query, whether the certainty of woman's presence would not soon transform the rabble disorder of our political election rooms, to the chaste propriety of a Lyceum, or a Church. I question, whether the mobocracy would rule in its present unwashed supremacy; whether the whiskey cellars would vomit up their florid-faced demonocracy to come, vote and conquer; and whether those great cruel abominations, which rear their fierce faces, in opposition to all the impulses of humanity, would long stand with *her* permission, the sympathies of whose heart are so often, and

especially upon such subjects, far wiser than the hardened calculations of man's head. At any rate, I trust I may have awakened in your minds, the most serious question, whether it is not the worse part of our nature which is best represented in our government; and whether in our national *man*, the *will* does not really misperform the intentions of the entire soul.

As our Creator has organized man to be controlled by his own will, so he has instituted national government as a *divinely authorized* controller of a nation's actions. "*The powers that*" legitimately "*be*," the Apostle assures us, "*are ordained of God*;" and resistance to their authority is not only political, but moral treason. The apostle does not assume to prescribe any single form; nor even to lay down any decisive test, as to what legitimately constitutes "*the powers that be*;" but when that is an admitted point, that a rightful and legitimate government does exist, obedience is a *divine law*. And as the national government has not, like the individual, a legal magistracy over and above itself to protect its rights, and arbitrate its disputes, so it must, responsibly to the Almighty Ruler of all, possess the power to protect itself, and secure justice in international dealing. Hence, the magistrate is armed with the "*sword*," to execute even capital penalty upon the domestic foe, or prosecute war upon a foreign aggressor. These two exercises of the power of the "*sword*" stand upon precisely the same basis; a power not always or often necessary to be used, but always to be used when necessary. If either or both can be abolished, (a question which circumstances must decide,) a step, a grand step has been made in the millennial march. Nevertheless, beyond this power of the magistracy to wield the *sword* of self-preservation and justice, a nation and a government are bound, as an individual, by the laws of God. The obligation of obedience to a government, apostolical example has taught us, does not authorize us to obey man rather than God. If "*the powers that be*," whose legitimacy even the right of revolution does not allow me to question, should require me to abjure Christianity, I must neither obey nor resist, but suffer. If a government should require me, as a military officer, to fight in an unjust war, I must send in at once my moral

protest and my resignation. If a government require me, beyond its right of securing self-preservation and justice, to violate eternal right, or the law of God, such a requirement is null, and I must disregard it. If I have ever taken any oath to support the Constitution, regardless of God's law, my conscience has been entrapped, and that oath is so far null. If called to repeat that oath, to support an unrighteous constitution, audibly and firmly must I utter the reserve, "Except it reverse the law of God;" and the government which would make that reserve a ban of ostracism upon me, is a government of blasphemy.

In our model MAN-REPUBLIC, finally, we have seen, that the INTELLECT should be stored with all the treasures of knowledge, trained to the liveliest activity of thought, and quickened to the highest point of self-consciousness; of the HEART, the natural sensibilities should be exorcised from their great organic evils, and the moral sensibilities should be informed by an enlightened philosophy, and animated by a holy religion; while the governmental WILL, firm and energetic, the true representative and executive of the entire soul, should rule its constituent with a providential authority, and guide its destiny in the pathway of holy right and noble enterprise. Condense and enshrine this soul in the individual, within a manly and majestic form, and where in human history will you find the embodiment of the picture I have drawn, save in *him*—our nation's model, as well as our nation's founder—WASHINGTON?

And now our Promethean task is done. Our man-made *man* is made. Yet not Promethean task: Prometheus formed the body—I the soul; he the real—I the ideal. But as the fire from heaven alone could give his body the inspiring soul, so the beams of an auspicious Providence, alone, can supply my soul with a fitting body, and substantiate my ideal into a grand historic real. Dark, yet not wholly dark, are the omens of our day. Yet firm be our faith and fixed be our purpose. The individual may easily fancy himself overlooked of Heaven; but when the contemplation expands over the range of a nation's breadth, and mounts to the summits of a nation's observatory, faith can easily feel that, at that lofty point, she is within the precincts of the very throne of the God of nations.

Jehovah's great plan-work will not be marred ; for time's great Apocalyptic drama shall yet wind off, in victory to the cause of man, and glory to the rule of God.

Sons of the New England Wesleyan Alma ! Plans of life, however modified, are not always illusory ; models of character, however romantic, are not always unrealized. Yet arduous is the life-task to build the structure we have modelled ; still more arduous, to cut ourselves to the pattern which we have marked. In drawing our man-republic, we have, in some degree, portrayed the true republican man. As in a crystallization, so in the commonwealth, the form of the simple particle should be the same as the form of the entire aggregate. Here have you been surrounded with all the elements and influences to shape the character I have imaged. Full proudly sure I am, that whenever you are called to pass current, your image and superscription are a noble advertisement of the mint that hath coined you. The streams every where meandering, attest by their crystalline current, the purity and height of the fount whence they flow. Forever, and in ever-increasing richness, may the fountain stand ; perennial, and in multiplying numbers, may the streamlets flow—streamlets of living waves, pouring vitality through the living world, and losing at last in the ocean of life—the OCEAN OF GOD,

THE SCHOLASTIC AND THE PRACTICAL.

A

BACCALAUREATE ADDRESS,

DELIVERED TO

THE GRADUATING CLASS AT THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN,

AT THE

ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT, 1847.

THE SCHOLASTIC AND THE PRACTICAL.

YOUNG GENTLEMEN :

This hour forms a crisis in your lives. Your college days have departed to join the centuries of the irrevocable past. Once they formed, to your youthful fancies, an ideal picture in ambitious prospect; now they stand to memory's view a receding reality in sober retrospect. Listen to me, then, while I pronounce a few parting syllables which must dismiss you from the little tranquil scene of our care, to the broad and untried world that, with its cold welcome and doubtful vicissitudes, waits to receive you. Listen, for they shall be words of kindly encouragement. Too well do we know the anxieties of your present transition, your doubtful scrutiny of your own powers, your tremulous interrogation of that futurity which, though it now echoes back no answer, will hereafter, perhaps, roll out its responses too rapidly to be welcome—too well do we appreciate all these to utter one word but of encouragement and hope.

Under auspices peculiarly happy do you go forth. I will not urge the circumstance that, as the endowment of our Institution has sprung from the beneficence of our general Legislature, you may claim to be the *proteges* of the nation. But it certainly is a title which not many graduates of our country can claim with you, to be not only alumni of their college, but alumni of their State. The master orator of Greece informs us, that Athens provided for the bringing up of the sons of all who had died in battle, and, when their education

was completed, she called them to her public forum, arrayed them in full panoply, and bid them go forth, the alumni of their country, grateful to her for all they were, and ready to sacrifice that all for her prosperity. So, young gentlemen, does our beloved Michigan, in the persons of these, her appointed curators, of this attendant audience, and of us your instructors, bid you go from this rostrum, arrayed in your intellectual panoply, to a noble service in the cause of your State, your country, the age, and the world. Grateful experience has already shown, that the kindly feelings of our peninsular public gather around the offspring of your Alma Mater. The public eye beams with generous hopes upon them. You are going to join your graduated comrades of two preceding classes, with them to form the front battalion of that *Grand Army*, whose lines, in magnificent procession, shall, we trust, through future centuries—nay, to the very consummation of all things—march forth from these halls into the wide world, armed and equipped for the great moral battle, for your country's good and the world's renovation.

But while your State accords to you and your compeers, these high hopes, she makes corresponding demands upon you. Much is given—much is therefore required. Justly may she say to you, her native or adopted sons,—“I have surrounded you with the means of forming exalted character; I have made the highest grade of education free as the common school itself—the accessible birthright of every son of Michigan; I have flung wide open the doors of science before you; I have a right to find in you all the tokens of the highest manly character. I am authorized to expect stores of well-acquired knowledge, and the strength of well-disciplined intellect. I demand that in all your varied career, you stand the foremost champions of the public good, the diffusers of popular intelligence, the examples of a pure integrity. To whom, if not to you, must I look for my MODEL MEN?”

But perhaps, young gentlemen, you shrink from the pressure of demands like these. You are ready to reply that you feel not, within yourselves, the resources to meet a tax so heavy. To such misgivings there is a reply, at once assuring and admonitory. The right-minded public will not expect, as you will not claim, that your

education is now complete. It is only in a very qualified sense now said that you have finished your education. The judicious critic now looks for the fair promise—not for the full maturity. You have had the training of this, our little miniature world—you still need the completer schooling of the broad, real world. If with the foundation you have here laid, you possess the firm determination to raise a worthy superstructure; if, ever conscious of present deficiency, self-improvement is your constant motto; if, too magnanimous to court the favor of the depraved, you inflexibly pursue the path of principle, your friends can wait, and you can wait, until time and toil and trial shall work your full maturity; you will take your place among the most honored of your country's sons; you will fulfil the highest wishes and demands made upon you, and you will reflect back the most precious honor upon the institution which now honors you with her credentials.

Your collegiate degree, as a testimonial of your having accomplished a long-established course of study, places you, of itself, in an intellectual fraternity—a little scientific republic. Yet never indulge a factitious pride upon your scholastic acquirements; nor, for a moment, despise the practical knowledge which the humblest artisan may possess above you. All knowledge is value. Deference enough is usually paid by the general laity, to a character for scholarship. Nay, the friends of the young scholar, and the scholar himself, entertain sometimes a factitious pride in his very ignorance of the humbler facts of practical life. Sooner or later that ignorance will punish that pride. Sooner or later, the young neophyte is likely to learn that the world is a severe schoolmaster—a schoolmaster who has no refined scruples about corporeal punishment for the wight who is too dull or too proud to learn his lessons. The scholar and the mechanic meet—each possesses a knowledge which the other does not, and both those kinds of knowledge have a value and a dignity. A very few scholastics may live apart—a charmed life. They may walk like ethereal genii through life—in the world, not of the world. But the large majority of those who attempt it, will learn from the round raps of experience, their own corporeity. Collision will teach the amiable transcendentalist that he is not *all soul*. Science her-

self, meantime, is going forth, in benign power, diffusing her magic and her dignity around the operations of life. Her revered seat must ever be the laboratory and recitation-room of the University ; — but thence she walks forth to make the grandest displays of powers in the shop of the mechanist, on the great thoroughfares that bind States in union, and in the soil whence agriculture feeds the world. The startled laborer pauses at her miracles ; he learns to think, to investigate, to philosophize. Glimpses does he catch of the mysterious world of science, with recesses more wondrous than the genii grots and chambers of an Arabian tale. The scholar is to his eye the envied magician of that world ; he sighs to think it is too late for him to master its secrets, but resolves that those whom God has given him as his lineal successors, shall enjoy the privileges to him denied. Years shall pass on—and those fields which, in olden time, were upturned only by the boor, shall be wrought by a race as wise in head as they are healthful in heart and strong in hand.

These changes may be revolution, but they are not convulsion. Happily for us, in the Northern States of this Union—to whom alone belongs the name of Republic, which I will never apply to the worse than feudal serfdoms of the South—the elasticity of our civil institutions makes full allowance for the peaceful changes which render violence unnecessary. The changes to which I have alluded will take place, with all the calmness of some natural process of a healthful physical system. The present state, indeed, of the professional world, does perhaps indicate that some inconvenience may result, similar to those deprivations which laboring classes suffer by great improvements in machinery. Yet on the whole, while all shall be elevated, none will in reality be depressed. Hitherto it has seemed almost a matter of course, that every liberally educated man must become a professional man ; that no parent could permit a son, whose respectability he would secure, to *descend* to the rank of the mechanic or farmer. Most surely this state of things cannot last. It is not much longer to be esteemed an anomaly, that the hand that has received a *diploma* should hold a *plough*. A learned blacksmith will not much longer be a prodigy. Both parents and sons will soon learn that there are other ranks in life as truly respect-

able as the intellectual professions, and more healthfully happy. The broadcloth dress of the professional man, unsoiled by contact with mother earth, the sedentary position, and the apparent exertion of lungs alone, have impressed upon the popular mind the fancy that *professional life* is easy and *luxurious life*. It is the subject of mingled envy and respect to the old, and ardent aspiration to the young. But who hath dyspepsies? Who hath nervousness? Who hath dimness of eyes, and paleness of cheek, and emaciation of form, and faintness of voice, and consumption of life, but he that tarrieth long at his books, and drinketh the unmixed draughts of knowledge? Place the hardy agriculturist and the slender intellectualist side by side, and ask which has most violated nature's laws, and has therefore, by those inevitable laws, been the greatest sufferer. If you have a doubt, let them try a muscular *duetto*, for really this is a case in which the "*trial by battel*" will bring out a just decision. And if venerable toil can thus vindicate the comparative happiness of her son, let intellectual worth combine in dignifying alliance with her venerable sister, and the dawn of the golden age is gleaming. Patriarchal China symbolizes this truth, when she requires her emperor annually to put his hand to the plough and turn the sacred turf. The Mantuan bard, at the very commencement of that immortal epic, in which he sang the "arms and the man," announces himself as the poet whose numbers had cheered the rustic at his toil, and taught him by their precepts. So far from blushing to be the *farmer's laureate*, he preferred his rural Georgics to his warlike *Æneid*; and the world will yet confirm the choice. Grand, too, is the antique verse of majestic Hesiod, as his rolling hexameters, by the foot of Helicon, taught his countrymen to spread fertility over the old Pelasgic plains. But grander, as older, than all, is that holy record which, combining the pictorial of poetry with the true of history, paints that patriarchal age, when earth was young—when the Abrahamic altar rose beneath some ancient oak, towering amid plains covered by the shepherds' flocks, and waving with the tillers' grain. Earth then was nearer heaven; and there were haunts from which angels in disguise had not been wholly driven. When shall earth grow thus young again? When the hearts of her sons

grow young. Or rather, when to the maturer wisdom of these last days, shall be added the healthful simplicity of that primal period, then shall an age arise, nobler than either. In the years of the first freedom of our country, our Washington loved more to cultivate the homestead of his own Mount Vernon, than to wield the sword or the civic sceptre of his country. We had a Jefferson, who left with regret and returned with joy to his own Monticello, the home of science and rural labor. And when the coarseness of party strife has passed, a spontaneous beauty will be felt in the images of the hermitage, of Ashland and of Lindenwald—gentle retreats, to which nature had recalled the bold adventurers of the storms of state.

A proper consciousness of the little that the best of brief college courses can communicate, compared with the immense field of knowledge before you, is indeed a fine corrective of factitious pride. But the very fact that a grand beginning is made, that the key is put in your hand for unlocking the remaining stores of knowledge, and the recipe of self-discipline has been fairly communicated to you, is a priceless advantage in your lives. You are entered now for a conspicuous career; it is for you to complete the processes of acquisition and self-education, until you feel within yourselves the conscious power to make some noble contributions to the existing stock of human knowledge—to add some glorious deed to the series of human history—to present one man more to the bright catalogue of human thought. If Heaven be propitious to you, and you are true to yourselves, you will possess your share of influence over the public mind. Yet rejoice not if the elements of this world be subject to you; but rejoice if you ever have the power of doing great good. Such an opportunity, if sought, can never be wanting. The world is in that transition state in which old abuses are still standing in their pride of place; but the pathway of improvement is brightly opening before us. You will not slumber, as do many, cramped within the sordid encasements of pure self-interest, your whole soul absorbed in the worship of the mammon of wealth, or the moloch of ambition, while the calls for laborers in the field of holy usefulness, are pealing in your ear. O, commit yourselves to some noble task of philanthropy! Is popular ignorance threatening to make our liberties the victim of

licentiousness? Are the demagogue and the time-server cold to the good cause of popular education? Be it yours to rouse the public mind and lead on the van of the enterprise of making our nation intelligent. Is intemperance, in spite of every effort of philanthropy, still plunging her myriads into the abyss of ruin? Be it yours to reassure the fainting philanthropist's heart, and to rally the unfaltering hosts again around the temperance banner. Does a blind admiration of gunpowder glory still animate our populace with a mad enthusiasm for warlike conquests, and a madder devotion for military leaders? Be it yours to utter words of sobering wisdom; to restore the ancient predominance of an unambitious republicanism, and the reign of the principles of peace. Does Anglo-Saxon oppression still lay her chains and stripes upon the limbs of the bleeding slave, and still intrench herself in the haughty feudalism of the South, and the abject demagogism of the North? Be yours the heart of firmness and the voice of freedom, to maintain the great cause of eternal justice and the inalienable rights of man.

And time would fail me to speak of those great associations of Christian philanthropy, which have been formed for spreading the word of God over the world—for sending the angel of the everlasting Gospel to every child of man, and uniting the different branches of Protestant Christianity into one harmonious whole. Surely, young gentlemen, the departments of labor are abundant, and you have no excuse for inaction.

Nor be disheartened if not one note of popular applause should salute your ear. Pleasant indeed is the voice of man's approbation; sweet is the music of human sympathy. Yet cannot you be contentedly good and quietly labor in the cause of righteousness, unless some admirer shall stand by to exclaim, "*What magnanimity!*"? Shall yours be that theatrical excellence which cannot exist except there sit spectators to clap their hands and cry "*Encore!*"? The virtue that blooms in the shade has our Saviour's special benediction, while the piety which offers prayers for the ears of men, and the benevolence that blows its own trumpet, have only the reward they seek. It is glory enough to be good, and more glorious to be good unhonored and unsung. He who has been obscurely excellent has not failed in life. His excellence, consecrated like the vestal

virgin, to God alone, is, to God, peculiarly acceptable. That a spotless fame is desirable, that a reputation for talent is a positive enjoyment and value, is doubtless true. But these, as guiding motives, often lead astray ; and as controlling motives, deprave the character. There is certainly a convenience in finding your very name a passport to every society, and your person welcome to civility and immediate respect. He who possesses wealth or fame, is enviable ; he who cannot spare them, is pitiable. You can afford not to be a great man. To tell the truth, greatness is becoming trite. The list of Fame's demi-gods is becoming so numerous that, like the worshippers of that great menagerie of heaven, the myriad gods of Hindooism, we might spend our life in devotion without having adored half the pantheon. The upper world of renown is becoming overstocked. If old Earth goes on, still multiplying her heroes and prodigies, history must soon become a muster-roll of names, and it becomes a serious question whether it is worth any man's ambition to be numbered in so motley a multitude. Truly, our historical professor, even a short thousand years hence, will have an immense department ! and in a few thousand years more, the world will be thankful for an intellectual deluge, which shall wash out the countless annals of the past. Caliph Omar, who has hitherto been execrated as the burner of the Alexandrian library, canonized as the world's benefactor, will be transformed from an incendiary to a saint. And when this cancelling of the old and adoption of the new set of books take place, genius will once more have a fresh field and fair play. Our aspirants after originality will no longer be annoyed with the preëccupancy of every inch of intellectual ground by their predecessors, who have performed all that was performable, uttered all that was utterable, and conceived all that was conceivable. But whether the buzzing insects of fame shall multiply, prolific and countless as the animalculæ of a coral continent, or whether they shall be swept, as by a breath from eternity, into the ocean of oblivion, of what worth is such immortality ? Immortality ! Out upon the lying misnomer ! It is a bastard counterfeit of a glorious hope. Would you acquire a genuine immortality—an immortality which numbers cannot divide, which time cannot dim, which revolutions cannot erase, go write your names, by deeds of God-like goodness, upon the

records of eternity, to beam in letters of burning light, in the empyrean throne, beneath the ceaseless gaze of the omnis-

It needs no astrology, young gentlemen, to utter some prediction of the future, lying before you. The present scenes, associations, events, and feelings, will soon fade in the dreamy distance; and as other and more worldly interests fill your hearts, you will perhaps smile at the warmth of your early sensibilities; and yet, in the more solemn hour of retrospect, your college life will still present its peculiar images, saddening you with a regret for every failure, shedding a pleasure for every achievement, and attracting an interest to its collections belonging to no other spot in life. As you pass along your separate pathways, time will throw its dimness over your mind's eye, as you would recall the image of an ancient comrade; nay, you may strangely meet, unrecognizing and unrecognized. Or, upon a sidewalk of life's great thoroughfare, you may suddenly encounter—strangely recognize—mark in each other the traces of time—ask and utter each a brief biography—inquire for one and another associate—then diverge, to meet no more. Now and then a saddening report, or a newspaper paragraph, will interrupt you in the hum of the world, announcing a death. A leaden check lies a moment at the heart—a pensive thought—a sigh—a reflective premonition of one's own destiny, pay their tribute of respect to the departed class-mate, and again the current of life rushes on. As your years roll on their decades, your little ranks, ever thinning, will begin to feel that time spares not you; and well will it be if, as this world grows dim, the world of immortality shall grow bright; well will it be if, as the shadows grow faint on the dial plate of life, the hurried task of life shall seem to have been nobly done. If we have well-mastered the past, we are the better able to master the present; and if we are masters of the present, we may well hope to make a happy future our own. For each moment of life we must be upon the alert; for well hath the poet sung, that

“ Our hearts, though strong and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.”

And that grand array of your predecessors, yourselves, and your successors, whose interminable procession I have already described, move not merely *from*, but *through* these halls. From their starting point in life they take these halls in their career ; and their onward march, with their trampling tread, is *through* the world and *to* the grave. And yet not *to*, but *through* the grave ; for that very grave is but the veiled archway that leads to that spirit world, where stands the very throne of an adjudging God. Around that throne, with earth's trembling millions, those ranks shall circle and receive, for life's responsibilities, eternity's retribution. And O, may He who shall then be your judge, be now your protector ! Rich be the blessing he may pour into your cup—safe be the guidance he may shed along your path ; and may yours be a final reassemblage in the land where the blest shall no more pronounce—as we must now pronounce—the long FAREWELL.

ECCENTRICITIES OF GENIUS.

AN ORATION,

DELIVERED

UPON TAKING THE MASTER'S DEGREE,

AT

HAMILTON COLLEGE, 1831.

ECCENTRICITIES OF GENIUS.

THERE is a natural homage which the mind delights to pay to intellectual superiority. There is a natural fascination which attends the movements of gigantic thought, which delights while it enslaves, and renders the soul ambitious to bind itself to the triumphal car of the intellectual conqueror. The despiser of heraldic titles is often the admirer of nature's nobility, and the towering republican who launches his anathemas against the arrogance of political royalty, often pays a more than feudal homage to the monarchy of mind—the despotism of genius.

What is genius? It is a term, the meaning of which is by no means as evident, as its use is frequent. We possess no intellectual microscope to analyze its etherealism; we perceive its presence only by its development in action; we feel the spirit only by its mysterious breathings; we detect the deity only as the army of the Greek detected the presence of the sun-god, by the flash of his flying arrow and the clanger of his silver bow. *Δευὴ δὲ κλαττὴ τένετ' ἀργυρέου βιοῖο.* According to some opinions, genius is the product of external objects and events, the result of the influence of associations. The train of circumstances alone might have empowered the most practical adept of the crucible or the blackbeard, to have seared on the poet's wing with a Milton's grandeur, or to have swept the poet's lyre with an Arioste's wildness. Others ascribe to genius a supernatural character and ethereal origin. To them it is possessed

of an inspiration not bestowed on common minds ; its ear is charmed with voices we cannot hear, and its eye dazzled with visions we cannot see ; its nerve is charged with a sensibility so electric as to give a flash to every point that touches it, and its every chord strung to a tone so exquisite as to fling a responsive strain to every breeze that sweeps it. Truth here, as often elsewhere, probably lies between extremes. Much may, no doubt, be attributed to original organization ; much to the influence of associations, more to habits of steady industry, but most of all to that without which no genius ever existed,—fervent enthusiasm. Let all the powers even of a common mind be concentrated into a burning enthusiasm for some single excellence, let that actuate its every thought and animate its every movement, that alone inspire the midnight dream, and haunt the midday reverie, and he needs no more ; the man is a genius. A young Demosthenes wanders into the forum ; the master orator of the age is up in all the omnipotence of eloquence. Athens has but one soul, and that hangs upon his lips. He stands, and the majesty of Apollo is throned upon his brow ; he speaks, and the music of Orpheus thrills his periods ; he moves, and the thunders of Jupiter are flung from his arm. That form of glory and of power re-creates the very soul of the youthful gazer ; that sovereign image of might and majesty is enshrined forever in the sanctuary of his memory,—the idol of his most intense devotion. One sole object, one sole thought now absorbs him—away alike the deficiencies that would discourage, or the engrossments that would retard him ; the enthusiasm of his soul is up—now succeed the lamp-lit cave, the sea-side declamation, and the mirror-modelled elocution, and the whole train of laborious expedients which the world has had by heart for centuries. Last comes triumphant success—power that shakes thrones—fame that startles nations—immortality that rolls its tones of deathless thought upon the ear of distant ages. Few, indeed, are the minds not endowed with the sufficient energies, did but the happy fatality, accident, or what you will, concentrate them to their possible intensity of enthusiasm to become,—I will not say a Demosthenes, but a genius of mighty magnitude and brilliant blaze.

Never has the idolatry of talent glowed more fervently in the popular mind than at the present day. The very errors of genius, like the depravities of pagan mythology, are deified; and peculiarity pushed to extravagance, and eccentricity allied to insanity, are viewed, not as the spot that obscures, but as the blaze that illumines the intellectual sun. No one may claim a title to genius who has not renounced it to common sense, or who goes through the routine of common life as if written in the scroll of common men. If, unlike Newton, he really knows when he has taken his meals; unless like Byron he can quaff his wine from a human skull, or exhibit some other mental aberration sufficient to entitle him to a diploma from bedlam—let him despair; he is formed of ordinary clay. Deformities in the physical world are objects of disgust: are intellectual monstrosities, mental incongruities, and moral anomalies nobler in character? Is symmetry of mind less beautiful than fair proportion of body? Who does not see that this extravagant admiration of the follies of the wise, and the littleness of the great, is as disastrous in its consequences as absurd in character? Who has not seen a youthful mind dazzled by contemplations of some brilliant but erratic star, fascinated into the belief that *his* brain too is charged with the electricity of genius, and with all the arrogance of mental aristocracy, despising the drudgery of mental labor, and in all the indolence of intellectual quietism awaiting, like the devotees of an eastern superstition, the descent of the raptures of inspiration? Who has not seen, on the other hand, an ingenuous mind sunken with the thought that he has no genius, like Cæsar weeping at the monument of Alexander, hopelessly contemplating the memorials of others' achievements—but not like Cæsar dashing the unmanly tear from his cheek, and flinging the unmanly despondency from his soul, and rising in all the energy of his character to the accomplishment of deeds for the world's wonder and posterity's remembrance?

The erratic career of gifted minds is often attributed to independence and originality of thought. Originality is the universal test of genius, the ever-sought philosopher's stone of intellectual alchemy. Original sentiments, however, should be divided into two kinds; sentiments so profound as to have been hitherto undiscovered,

but so just as to be immediately acknowledged ; and sentiments so extravagant as only to have danced in an eccentric's brain, and whose only merit is that they are out of the common run of foolery. When a sentiment of the former kind is heard, the mind is struck with its novelty and benefited by its truth ; it is enthusiastically admired, and perpetually remembered. When a sentiment of the latter kind is heard, upon every correct taste it precisely reverses its intended effect : its pathos produces laughter, and its merriment excites our pity ; while every sound judgment is readier to award its author the strait-jacket, than the laurel.

Sought for as originality often is, how often does accident laugh at research, and casualty often dispense the novel thought and the immortalizing discovery. The happy solution came upon Archimedes in his bath, which he implored in vain in his study ; and the falling apple revealed to Newton, invaluable truths which his diagrams denied him. - The hieroglyphics which once enshrouded the history of Egypt, defied the scrutiny of research and learning for centuries, to develop themselves at last to the eye of a lucky Frenchman. Cicero so nearly invented the art of printing, that in reading a certain passage of his works we are surprised that the process was not applied ; but fate snatched that laurel from the brow of the Roman philosopher, to bind it upon the forehead of a Dutch mechanic, and the progress of improvement was retarded for fifteen centuries. We are perhaps every day treading upon ambushed truths, which could we but rouse, would startle the world with their strangeness, and transform society by their power. He by whose lucky foot the lurking principle is sprung, bears the palm of intellect ; his apotheosis is decreed, and he takes his seat by acclamation among the immortals. So fame like wealth is whirled in the wheel of fortune, and the brow of dulness is often surprised at finding itself bedizened with the laurels of genius.

The burning desire of immortality is another stimulant which stings to brilliant madness the gifted mind. There are minds to whom it seems like the agency of anticipated annihilation to realize that their memories must wither with the greenness of the sod that shall cover them. No grave so deep as oblivion, no silence so

dreary as everlasting forgottenness. Far more anxious are they to write their histories high on the lofty monuments of fame for the world's admiring gaze, than to inscribe their names in the book of life, beneath the smile of the omniscient eye. And is there no higher, holier motive to prompt to generous deeds than the hope to leave the syllables of our name upon the tongues of men? Earthly indeed is the soil of that virtue and that genius which blooms only in the sunshine of popular favor, and which withers in the chills of silence and obscurity. Immeasurably more celestial of tone, and more sublime of wing is that magnanimity which soaring far above the atmosphere of popular applause, performs its benefactions only from a love of good, and smiles in pity at the morbid vanity which speaks only for effect, and moves only to create a sensation, which appeals for interest to the ignobler of human passions, and rather than fail will attract a gaze by exhibitions of the rankness of personal depravity, or the foibles of mental infirmity. How infinitely nobler is the calm lustre that beams from the name of a Howard, to the fitful meteoric flash that quivers around that of Byron!—Byron, the living antithesis, the gifted and the wretched, the world's wonder and the world's pity, the patriot of Greece who abjured his own country, the advocate of republicanism who rioted in the excesses of aristocracy, and the occasional Christian who pointed his witticisms with profanity, and gilded his couplets with blasphemy. Is he not indeed to be pitied whose intellectual brilliancy is but the light by which his moral depravity becomes more conspicuous to the public gaze, and whose very genius, like the phosphorescent blaze that flickers around the midnight grave, is engendered by the corruption it illumines? Who envies the possession of such a genius, or such a fame? Where throbs the heart so madly for the convulsive excitements of life, as to bid farewell to social peace, to approving conscience, and to smiling Heaven, to welcome the desolation of home around, and of heart within, that he may crouch in the lofty but chilled atmosphere of fame, or exist like the living idol enshrined in the Thibetian temple, at once the object of human worship and the exile from human sympathy?

Such are not the elements of the character that may claim a title to the gratitude of our race. The necessities of the age demand a more healthful and practical tone of thought. The spirit of revolution even now is walking forth among the nations. Like the Alpine genius of the storm stepping from mountain top to mountain top, she startles creation with the earthquake of her tread, and shakes the elements with the thunder of her voice. Bold thinkers are the prophets of her approach, hardy actors the guide of her footsteps. It is a time of bold innovation upon the prerogatives of hoary abuse and of lofty daring in the field of philanthropic enterprise. The spirit of the age calls, like Demosthenes, for action, action, action ; for the iron nerve, and the sleepless spirit, for hearts whose every pulsation throbs high for the summit of human excellence, and for hands whose every muscle is vigorous in the cause of human improvement. The age demands men capable of self-forgetfulness and self-sacrifice ; men who can serve their country though their reward be proscription ; men who can serve mankind in the face of ingratitude and oblivion ; men who can serve their God though on the savage shore or at the martyr's stake. History's voice assures me that such have adorned the olden time. May Heaven grant that such benefactors of our race, such ornaments of our nature, may spring even in our own excited age, our own free soil, our own loved Alma Mater.

A TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY
OF
PRESIDENT FISK,
DELIVERED BEFORE THE
YOUNG MEN'S MISSIONARY AND BIBLE SOCIETIES,
AT THE
JOHN STREET METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, NEW YORK,
MAY 17, 1839.

E U L O G Y .

WE are assembled this evening, my friends, to pay a tribute to the character of one dear to the hearts of many, and revered by the memories of all. And if here, in this sacred temple, peculiarly consecrated to the pure worship of the alone Jehovah, the congregation be convoked in memory of a dear, yet *human* object ; if through these vaults the anthem roll its peals, and even from this sacred desk the voice of eulogy pronounce its periods ; let not a scrupulous piety tremble, lest we repeat the ancient error of those who deified the departed hero, or who canonized the ascended saint. Rightly and truly blessed be and are the memories of those whose living persons were virtue's noblest models, whose deaths were piety's loftiest triumphs, and whose tombs are vocal with syllables of the purest monition that the breezes of earth ever wafted, and registered with the most sacred mementos that the sun of heaven ever illumined. And surely, surely, if the intense but painful interest of the world has often been concentrated upon the morbid development of all the splendid infirmities and brilliant madresses that have ever fermented in the brain of wayward and misanthropic genius—if a depraved curiosity has been wickedly attracted and disgustingly satiated with the open publication of the private registries of talented profligacy—if even history has drawn the world's eye, in raptured fascination, upon the triumphant footsteps of giant ambition and stupendous crime—then, indeed, piety may pause in contemplation of one of her

purest models; science may pay her tribute to one of her noblest champions; humanity may drop a tear upon the grave of one of her most sympathizing sons; and all may unite in consecrating an affectionate memento, and wreathing a sacred laurel for the memory and name of WILBUR FISK.

To give an extended detail of the events of Dr. Fisk's life forms no part of my design. His biography, assigned by himself as it has been to an official and amply competent hand, will, we trust, give justice to the subject, and satisfaction to the public. Rich as such a character must be in beautiful religious example, and fertile in moral lesson, it would not be very easy, as surely as it would not be very desirable, to omit those higher and holier bearings of our subject; yet as the Christian and ministerial character of Dr. Fisk have been made subjects of eloquent discourse, from the pulpit and through the press, by some of his ministerial brethren, who, from their intimate association with him, were well qualified to make his tomb preach through their voice, we may be permitted this evening to dwell more at large upon the intellectual, scholastic, and literary departments of his character.

Not unfrequent is the remark, that the life of the scholar and the savan is necessarily and uniformly barren of spirit-stirring incident. Cloistered and confined within the dozy seclusion of his four-walled dormitory, the bold adventure and the blood-curdling encounter, the reversing vicissitude, and the hair-breadth escape, all the sensible forms of physical power and material action that strike the eye and thrill the imagination, enter not into their life's drama.

No: the scholar who consecrates himself to the classic bower and the academic halls, qualified though he may have been for the loftiest triumphs in life's most giant battles, must bid an unsighing adieu to the thrilling peals of national applause that pour their rapture upon the statesman's ear, or the stately processions that lead the conqueror's triumph, as he marches home to hang his blood-stained trophies in the capitol. His victories are the unostentatious victories of mind; and so unostentatious and destitute of objective pomp are these, that it requires not only a chastened spirit to aspire to their acquirement, but a purified and ennobled taste to appreciate their

innate yet infinite superiority. They have no dazzle for the vulgar eye. They are no idols for the reeking incense of the multitude's breath. Apart and consecrate—their dignity is their worth intrinsic and essential—the dignity of holiness, which none but the pure in heart can see—the dignity of knowledge, which none but the endowed mind can realize—the dignity of truth immutable and right eternal. Hence, he who writes the biography of the intellectual hero, chronicles not a series of eventful adventures, but delineates a train of mental progressions; he maps not the movements of a body, but pictures the marches of a mind. To trace the faculties' development—to contemplate the character's formation—to mark how some electric idea, at some instant's crisis, thrilling across the thought, possesses at once the soul, impregnates the whole being, and constitutes forever the life's great purpose,—these are the elements which constitute what is the history of—in the loftiest sense—the *man*; for it is the history of the mind. And what worth are the historic details of sieges and assaults, of battles lost and won, nay, of empires' rise and fall, but as they are the tracings of onward marching idea, and the developings of master principle?

Of Wilbur Fisk may it be said both that his life was the exemplification of a *principle*, and his history a history of *mind*. His life was the exemplification of a principle. From the hour after the youthful exordium of his life was closed, and its real action commenced—from the moment that, purifying himself from every worldly purpose, he dictated his soul to his life's great work, his course was onward, and upward, in an ever-ascending and never-retrograding series; rising in continuous and climacteric unity, to its final culminating acme. He identified himself with a cause which, feeble indeed at the commencement, by a beautiful synchronism, strengthened with his strength, rose as he mounted, and triumphed in his triumph. That cause—if I may pronounce it unequivocally—was New-England Methodism. Yet, while he was the advocate of a cause, he was not the bigot of a dogma. Just the reverse; the very nature of his creed served to foster the original liberalities of his mind. Of that creed, unlike many others, we think that it may be fearlessly affirmed, that it is not usually merely assented to as a cold speculation

of the head, but that it is embraced as a loved sentiment by the affections. Both believing and feeling that Methodism was the purest existent identity with New Testament Christianity, he enshrined it in his heart's core; and from that central source it flung out the impulses of that heart into the widest expansions of charity most sweet, of liberalities most generous, of philanthropy most unlimited. Thus inspired, his character was shaped and his onward course before him. He had his mission—his life's great responsibility—and he pursued his calling as if he had a part to perform, which to be *well* done, must be *quick* done; and if in its beautiful and rapid continuity, it seems to be broken with a strange abruptness ere its full completion—it was not because he was not in the full and high career of his commission's great performance; but because so it seemed good to his omnipotent Commissioner. Struck down, alas! with his harness on, in the open field of conflict, we might sigh, "How are the mighty fallen!" but we exult as we remember, that thus to fall is most triumphantly to conquer.

His history, we have said, is emphatically the history of a mind. All that we have loved or revered in the departed had their substratum in the native original essence of his mind. True, that substratum may have been polished by education, and sanctified by religion; but neither science nor piety annihilates the original and substitutes a factitious man. Religion no more re-creates the substance of the soul, than it re-constructs the fabric of the body. In Dr. Fisk's nature there was a genuine simplicity, an unaffected charm, which no affectation can reach—which effectually divested him of all artificial assuming, and preserved in him, in every exigency, a centered propriety, and a well-poised self-possession. Hence the meaning remark, "Dr. Fisk is always himself." This *lucid simplicity formed the basis of his whole character*; it was at the bottom of his acquirements as a *scholar*, his manners as a *gentleman*, his intellect as a *thinker*, of his eloquence as an *orator*, and of his style as an *author*; and we hesitate not to say, that *from this as the centre and starting point, we might deduce the great pervading outlines of his character, through all its varieties*. He stood before you, his simple, unpretending self; and if you could have

fancied something greater, he offered no help for it ; but then you found quite good reason to be satisfied, just because it was self-evident that he never assumed to be any thing more. You never were pained at the discrepancy between the pretended and the actual—between the attempt and the performance. Hence the secret of his unfailing, yet unostentatious self-dependence ; and of that ever-wakeful readiness that made him capable of a master effort, at a minute's warning ; and hence, too, the confidence of his friends in him. If in this sober self-poise there ever appeared to be any thing like reserve and inapproachableness, it arose not, certainly, from coldness of sympathy. If there were about him a constant personality that ever made you feel his presence, it was not because he imperiously demanded deference, but because you spontaneously paid it. His nearest associates we know, and his undoubted equals in talent and in station, we are sure, were at no moment in contemplating him unconscious of the central worth that radiated its dignity *from* him, and of the noble associations of intellectual achievement and moral nobleness which gathered their presence *around* him. No earthly majesty is surely greater than the simple moral grandeur of the man who, unencircled by the pomp of rank, is girt with the silent thunders of his own masterly achievements.

The simple practical nature of Dr. Fisk qualified *his character as a SCHOLAR*. The scholarship of Dr. Fisk was varied, well-balanced, soundly fixed, and ready at his command. But it could not be called profound. He was not the mere scholar ; nor, were *that* his only claim, would it have secured him a commanding eminence. His scholarship was a means, and not the end ; it was his minister, and not his master. He had not the ultra finish *ad unguem*, in which the fastidious purist rejoices. There are your intellectual epicures, who have a taste divine for only intellectual ambrosia ; and there are your critical Sybarites, with so nice a sense of occult blemish as to die of a rose, in aromatic pain : and Dr. Fisk was not one of either. We would not speak contemptuously even of the class of the literary exquisite ; they have their place, and exert a refining influence no doubt over the republic of letters ; only let them not be bigots as well as virtuosi ; let them not adjudge to torture,

without benefit of clergy, everything that belongs not to their own dainty and delicate little species, nor break every thing but their own brother butterflies upon the wheel. For the anxious accuracy in every ultimate particle—for the painful perfection, *faultless to a fault*, in every paragraph—for the ceaseless torsion-balance weighing of semi-syllables, and nice elaboration of clause-carving and period-pointing, Dr. Fisk, however much he might have had the taste and the talent, had neither the time nor the mission.

But if there be critics who are only critics, there are scholars who are only, and wholly, and nobly scholars—silent devotees of the profound—pure and separate dwellers apart in the deep recesses of knowledge—home occupants of the penetralia of studentship. There are thoughtful spirits, even in this age of the objective and the active, who live only in the world of lore; who have so impregnated their minds with study, so impersonated science in their own beings, that they stand the living oracles of knowledge. Dr. Fisk was not so much the oracle in whom dwelt the response, as the hierophant who expounded it. He did not so much dwell in the penetralia, as stand upon the portico. He stood rather the mediator and interpreter between the inner sanctuary and the outer world, capable of comprehending in his intellect the profundities of the former, and of sympathizing with and making all intelligible to the capacities of the latter. We mean not that he was the mere compiler from other minds; for his mind, on the contrary, was eminently creative and original. We do not mean that he was not one of the class of pure scholastics, who apply themselves with cloistered seclusion and German patience to the sole business of research; and that he did, in addition to a hundred other subsidiary resources, avail himself, as he was justly entitled, of the material which the infinite and infinitesimal investigations of others afforded, to bring an effective moral enginery to bear upon the public mind. He had doubtless thoroughly acquired, and his situation enabled him to retain, the usual collegiate amount of scientific and elassical erudition; but he had not run a very extensive *ad libitum* course through the range of ancient literature. Of systematic theology, it is unnecessary for me to say how admirably he was master; but his researches did not lead him far

out of the circle of our own language ; nor, as far as voluminous reading is concerned, is there reason to suppose that he was much a student of the great leading English theologians of former centuries. He studied topics rather than books ; and he acquired his excellence more by mastering the fewer more standard authors, and applying the powers of his own mind directly upon the subject, than by devoting studious days to the patient perusal of tomes and libraries. His views of course were therefore in a noble sense utilitarian. All his acquisitions were made for use ; all his studies were prosecuted for practical discipline ; and the powers of his mind were trained, and its stores accumulated, especially in view of the cotemporary aspects of the great topics that are at present drawing the attention of the world. The two great problems of his life were, promptly to acquire all those intellectual resources which would be most transmutable into energetic action, and then not to leave one particle of his whole operative stock undeveloped in the most effective exertion. Hence every fibre of the intellectual man was trained and exercised to its fullest tension ; his whole muscle was compact and athletic ; the whole spirit, as if vital in every part, was elastic and alert. He was the business man,—the every-day man,—the minute man.

But it must not for one moment be supposed, that because Providence shaped the destiny of Dr. Fisk to more active duties, he had little relish, or a low estimate for profound and minute scholarship. On the contrary, he was its unreserved and whole-souled advocate ; and would himself gladly have been its most patient devotee. Had he possessed the power of living two parallel lives, the one would have been that of the most searching study, the other that of the most ardent activity.

The simplicity we have mentioned was the basis of his *manners* as a GENTLEMAN. If conversation be an art susceptible, as some think, (we say not whether justly or unjustly,) of systematic and improving cultivation, the unstudied spontaneity of Dr. Fisk's colloquial remarks betrayed very little indeed of any such deliberate elaboration. Unprepared appropriateness was its prevailing characteristic. He affected no polished points, or quick-sprung antitheses. There were no previously-adjusted plans—no conversational am-

bushes—no prepared accidents, and no premeditated impromptus. You carried from his intercourse an impress of interest, as if you had experienced a sense of diffusive fascination; but you retained no one outstanding gem of surpassing brilliancy, flinging a shade over the surrounding lustre, and itself endowed with a diamond indestructibleness. He seldom flung out the elastic *jeu d'esprit*, to be rebounded around the circle, reverberated into publicity, and stereotyped into a proverb. He was not of the Johnsonian school, a professed converser—nor needed he to borrow from the Boswell school a colloquial reporter. He never found it necessary to assert his social dignity, by arrogating the whole conversation: he dealt forth no elbow-chair orations, as if the sound of his own voice were the sweetest of music to his ear, transforming the parlor into a lecture-room, the social circle into an auditory, and the dialogue into soliloquy. Bland, cordial, animate, recollected and dignified; flexible to all the varieties of rank or character; sympathizing with the humblest, and courteous to the dignitary; dexterous in every difficulty, felicitous in every exigency, and self-possessed in every surprise, he diffused around his daily presence and converse the atmosphere of his own pure, gentle, yet high-toned spirit; ever ready with the judicious counsel, the lucid illustration, or the even-handed discussion; now brightening up the scene with a cheery, yet chastened humor; now sobering it away with the recollective monition, checking the possibly rising impropriety by the powers of severely silent rebuke; or even when it would surge up into rebellion, capable of rising into a subduing mastery over the rampant elements:—these are the traits which, it is conceived, should all the memories qualified by near acquaintance delineate the original, would be found visible in every picture.

From the fact that Dr. Fisk did not indulge in colloquial harangue, it is not to be inferred that, in assuming the PUBLIC SPEAKER, the transition was a transformation. On the contrary, the man in public was just the unchanged man of private life, in both states appropriate to the situation. As a public speaker, his style was the natural and spontaneous product of his personal qualities, *flowing out from* his true individuality, and not artificially *assumed*.

upon it. A more extended audience required, of course, a more elevated elocution, a wider range of thought, and a loftier personal bearing. He usually began with the clear enunciation of his starting points: then ranged through a train of consecutive logic, so accurate as generally to evince its own justice, yet so relieved by fancy, or illustrated by analogies, or impregnated with a feeling glow, as to secure the attention; and as he passed through the process, gathering fervor from its rapidity, and gathering intenser rapidity from its fervor, he generally rose into flights of surpassing grandeur, or wound off with periods of thrilling appeal. And this style of thought was accompanied with its corresponding appropriate delivery. First, rising with a simple, collected, saint-like presence, (preceded, however, usually by the almost convulsive cough, which usually awakened, for the moment, a painful sympathy from the unaccustomed part of his audience,) his manner was for the time easy and equable; but as he warmed with his subject, the feeling flowed out in the natural gesture, the eye lighted up with new animation, the countenance beamed with a glowing expression, the frame dilated into a loftier bearing, and the whole man seemed impregnate and luminous with the subject.

The description which we have here given is of course more particularly applicable to the successful order of Dr. Fisk's pulpit oratory. In the efforts of his latter days, especially those exhibited in the chapel of the University, either from the state of his health, or from views of practical usefulness, he seemed to adopt a style of less highly sustained and more colloquial character. With his pupils and associate officers around him, as if in a family coterie, he seemed to indulge the privilege of a more easy and familiar style, less prepared and elaborate than his more public efforts, following very much the incidentally suggested transitions and trains that seemed to arise in his mind. These efforts were not particularly calculated for sermonizing models; they, of course, presented occasional crudenesses of thought and improprieties of expression; they were somewhat irregular in their arrangement, and disproportionate and digressive in their form: but still they possessed high interest, as the apparently spontaneous discourses of a superior mind; and

they abounded with many a lesson of divine wisdom, and many a passage of impassioned eloquence.

The common-sense substratum which we have assigned as the basis of Dr. Fisk's character may be pronounced preëminently the basis of his *mode of thought* as an orator. A prominent fault, we have often thought, of pulpit ministry is, that its modes of reasoning and expression are too professional, and too little common-sense. They are the thinking of the trained theologian, with his own vocabulary, and his own logic; indulging which all the more freely because he feels sure of his audience, and secure from audible contradiction; he goes along disregarding the unspoken difficulties, and exulting in conventional demonstrations that prove just nothing to the common-sense thinker. Dr. Fisk was the common-sense preacher. He was at bottom—and without education would have been—a direct, practical, clear-headed, common-sense man; and with such minds, comprehending the world's great average, he had a natural power of sympathy and self-identification. This quality—his perfect self-adaptation to the popular mind—constituted one great secret of his great power over it. He knew that in every breast there are the germs of common sense; that these are the elementary starting points—the mental sprouts—of all sound thought. Into these he transfused his own soul; he impregnated the germ with the quickening spirit; he brought it out into new yet natural developments, and he elevated it into lofty and glorious expansions. And so natural and spontaneous was the process, that the hearer thought the reasonings were pretty much his own. They were his own sort of thoughts; at any rate, he was sure they were just what he could and should have thought: only it was thinking a little harder, a little farther, a little more clearly, and a great deal more nobly. And thus the worldly and the shrewd were forced to feel the grapple of his mind, while they appreciated the purity of his character, and to doubt whether, after all, there was not some common sense in theology and religion somewhere else than in books. Through his life he thus drew into his moral influence secular men of thought and character, and in his death presented to them a not ineffective lesson. To one of these he exclaimed, “You

behold me, sir, hovering between two worlds!" "And fit for either," was the beautiful reply.

It was uncongenial with the manly simplicity of Dr. Fisk's mind carefully to hoard his oratorical reputation. The arts of rhetorical keeping, he knew not. When once advised, upon his assumption of the college presidency, to preach seldom, and reserve himself only for great occasional displays, he shrunk at the thought! He had no fear, by constant pouring forth, to exhaust the fountain; and he was not too proud to waste the most masterly exertions of his mind upon the smallest and the humblest audiences. Strains of oratory, that might have richly filled the city cathedral, were freely lavished in the country school-house! It was not his object to make a grand oration, but to gain a more ultimate and business purpose. He aimed to be the faithful Christian minister, not the splendid pulpit-orator. He forgot not his subject in himself; he forgot himself in his subject. And when he came forth to his ministerial performance, it was not after a period of solicitous, intensive, verbal, *memoriter* premeditation. He did not then involve his plain thoughts in folds of wordy gorgeousness; nor did he invest them with that intensive glare of diction which, however entrancing to the fancy, renders the thought itself too dazzlingly painful to the mental gaze, to be intelligible to the mental perception. No; his oratory was the natural and animate glow of the mind, effervescing with the subject; or rather, it was the spontaneous effervescence of the subject itself. For the subject that animated his periods, animated his soul. In the days of what was his health, but what to others would have been disease, he esteemed it as his high delight to preach with unremitting frequency; when the sympathy of all others for his illness would have spared his service, he could not spare himself. So long as he could stand in his pulpit, he proclaimed the mission of his Master; and when he could no longer stand up to proclaim it, he proclaimed it still. It were a picture, worthy a nobler hand than mine, to portray this minister of Christ, as his friends watched his successive yieldings to the attacks of the destroyer; a feeble, yet resolute figure, visited by the successive shocks of disease, and losing at each shock that which he did not recover; preaching, so long as he could stand

in the desk : when he was never again to stand up in that desk, preaching from his seat,—in his sick and dying chamber preaching, it was said, as he never preached before ;—so long as the crumbling elements of his body could frame a voice, sending forth the dying articulations of his faithful ministry.

There was a kind of public exercise which we must not omit to mention, which, the farthest possible removed from artificial rhetoric, presented, as Dr. Fisk performed it, a specimen of eloquence most genuine and pure—we mean the *eloquence of prayer*. If eloquence be the natural uttering of the simplest and most spontaneous breathing of the highest and holiest sentiments of which our nature is susceptible of being inspired, then were Dr. Fisk's addresses to the Deity specimens of the truest eloquence. Devoid of artificial pomp, devoid of affectation, and especially devoid of that most subtle of all affectation, the very affectation of simplicity, they possessed a real simplicity, variety, and pertinency, which we have never seen equalled. They were simple, for they expressed in direct and unambitious words the natural mind of the speaker ; they were varied, for he had no stereotype clauses, and the persons most familiar with his daily devotions, remember not his ever twice using the same form of expression ; they were pertinent, suiting with happy and instantaneous yet dignified applicableness, the peculiar exigencies of specific circumstances and characters. Persons of intellectual character of other denominations, or of worldly views, have expressed their surprise and pleasure at the unstudied, extempore beauty of his occasional instantaneous prayers. Among the most hallowed recollections of our departed friend, are the soft and soothing tones of his voice, as they *melted along the current of fervid devotion*, with which he loved, at the close of an evening social assemblage, to consecrate the hour of interview.

The thought may naturally present itself, and I know not why it may not be pursued for a moment, what stand Dr. Fisk would have acquired, had he, with all his intellectual and moral qualifications about him, unchanged in all but ministerial profession, employed his powers upon the high arena of the national legislation. We cannot but picture to ourselves, that his great natural practical and

executive talent, would have, even there, held a mastering sway ; that his genuine and manly eloquence would have thrilled the senate and the nation through ; that the innate magnanimity of his soul would have gathered an unbought influence around him ; and that his pure, high, uncompromising principle would have enabled him to present, in grandest preëminence, that character, in our days so rare—so rare, indeed, that, as in the instance of a Wilberforce, it appears almost unique and original—I mean the noble character of an *uncompromising, commanding* CHRISTIAN STATESMAN. Let those who consider that this would have been a higher destiny, carry out the picture ; not so do we depreciate his high and holy calling.

The traits which pervaded the manners of the *man*, and which were audible in the efforts of the *speaker*, were visible in the productions of the *WRITER*. His style through the press was indeed very much the style of an orator haranguing an audience. He emphatically *addressed* the public. To the imaginations of his accustomed auditors, his intonations are easily recalled and audible through his printed words ; and as the imagination of the professional musician in the perusal of his notes associates with the visible characters, voiceless bars of parallel melodies, heard by fancy's ear alone, so in the perusal of the remains of our departed friend, with how sacred interest may his survivors call to the ear of memory, those modulations that human ear no more shall hear ! Perhaps even to the reader who had never seen the author, the natural impression is that of the speaker's personal presence. The natural qualities of the author's mind were so transfused into his periods that they conferred upon him a sort of diffused presence, and gave a sort of personal acquaintance with him to the multitudinous thousands who, in all parts of this wide empire, constituted his great audience. If you knew the author, you thought, and with much of truth, that you knew the man. Hence it may be affirmed, that not only has Dr. Fisk attracted more attention from the great world beyond and without the circle of his own denomination than any of his departed predecessors, but, perhaps, scarce any one man of any section has, by the mere power of his pen, so identified himself with the feelings of his own range of auditors and readers, as to become not merely the

champion of his sect, or the expounder of their creed, but their sympathizing friend and personal favorite. There is a coloring to his character, and an animation to his figure, which render him palpable to the mind's eye, and the object of the feelings of the addressed. These circumstances arose from the fact, that his unaffected nature prevented his adopting an artificial mode of expression ; and he simply sought that phraseology, which would convey, with the clearest directness, his own clear ideas. He pitched the tune of his periods to no falsetto tones. His words were less of the Latin derivation, than of the honest old Saxon stock ; his clauses were uninverted, and his sentences were modelled, not to the stately structure of Roman measures, but to the more negligent simplicity of native English syntax. This he did, not so much from a conscious original intention, as from the unconscious tendencies of his own mind ; for when a friendly critic once pointed out the circumstance, he recognized it as a fact to which his own attention had not been very definitely directed. Nor was this so much a matter of decided taste that he would have prescribed it, as a rule, for all others ; for to the friend who made the suggestion we have mentioned, he gave positive advice, not to change his more inverted and Latinized mode of expression. He knew that diction was not merely the product of original nature, but also the result of that second nature—habit or education. It had been his life's early and late business, not to address scholars almost exclusively, but to address popular assemblies, and to commune with the common mind ; and it might be as truly affectation for others, of different habits, to conform to his own plainer model, as for him to cast his thoughts into their formal mould. Still the habit of constant, hasty, popular address, with all its simplifying benefits, and all the popular power it conferred, produced its corresponding defects. It lowered his standard of rhetorical finish. He possessed not that fastidious choiceness of words, nor that chastened purity of phrase, nor that perfected burnish of diction, which is requisite in a classic model. The main excellence of his style consisted in its clear, vernacular, consecutive train of manly thought ; truthful in all its touches, free from every sleepy member and every inert excrescence, animate in every clause, and

life-like in all its spirit. In his style of written thought, as in his mind, the three great departments of intellect, imagination, and feeling, were united in most admirable proportion ; alternating with successive impulsions, mingling in one composite temperature, or modifying each other with mutual counter-check.

A single glance at the mass of his published writings reveals the fact, that they were mostly controversial, and perhaps all occasional. His active mind never had time, had even his health permitted, to abstract itself from the external and the moving, to retire into its own depths, and bring out independent results upon great universal and eternal truths. Perhaps every line he has ever published was more or less the result of objective and immediate circumstances. True it is, that some of the great monumental products of master intellect in former days, which have enabled the world to gain one great step in its march of mind, were called out by imperative occasion. The immortal Analogy of Butler, for instance, sprung from the previous attacks of a free-thinking age. But the questions which called Dr. Fisk out were, of course, far less universal ; the doctrines he maintained, not fundamental ; the truths he developed, if they were new, were not vital ; and the area upon which he acted, far more sectional and provincial. Yet the powers which he displayed upon these more specific questions, and in his less extended sphere, are certainly such as to induce the desire that they had been drawn into concentration upon some work of complete and standard nature. His tract upon the Unitarian controversy has, we think, most justly been pronounced a little masterpiece in its kind. His sermon upon Predestination is, perhaps, his noblest controversial performance ; presenting the statement, we think ; with unrivalled compactness, embracing the most forcible form of logic in just the exactest phrase. The merit of this performance has been amply complimented by the eulogies of its friends, but still more amply by the assaults of countless champions in the ranks of orthodox militancy. The essays upon the Calvinistic Controversy, by which the sermon was succeeded, although not comparable with it in compact force, and although the trained logician may sometimes feel the absence of the forms of a rigid demonstrative logic and the presence of a too popular and *ad captandum* process

of reasoning, yet, in much of his train, he occupies perhaps new ground in theology, and furnishes an able statement of what must, if we mistake not, stand as *the argument* in the present position of theologic questions.

As a *tourist*, the extensive popularity of Dr. Fisk's Travels certainly assigns him a high rank. A twelve-month traveller over a continent certainly does not pledge himself to all the absolute accuracy, in point of individual fact, of sworn official statistics. Rigid accuracy in regard to every minute unimportant fact may exist in the absence of all vraisemblance; and individual mistake is consistent with the spirit of the most perfect truthfulness. If in the course of a year's rapid travel, recorded upon seven hundred pages, a rigid hypercriticism should detect an occasional individual mistake, that could be no matter of wonder, for he was fallible; and yet the talent of seeing things very much as they are, and depicting them very much as he saw them, and the power of taking you with him, and giving you eyes wherewith to see a little more vividly and a little more truly than your own, I know not where you will find, if they glow not on the pages of his Travels.

One subject there is of his active pen, which painful differences of opinion render somewhat difficult, at the present time, to touch without waking some vibration of discordant feeling; but which constituted so largely, and in the view of some so entirely the amount of Dr. Fisk's public character that it can scarcely be omitted. We approach it, however, as he would have approached it, and as he would have wished it should on this occasion he approached, with kindness to the maintainers of other opinions, yet with an unequivocally frank expression of our own. From the earliest rise of that excitement which has taken so deep a hold upon the best and upon the worst feelings of our nature, and which has roused a controversy waged with a bitterness surpassing the bitterness of politics, the eye of Dr. Fisk descried in it the elements of an impracticable, self-defeating ultraism, and the seeds of discordancy calculated to disorganize every thing else, did it not happily succeed in first disorganizing itself. No friend himself to the system of slavery, he believed that anti-slavery measures might be urged with a most

pro-slavery effect. He feared, erroneously some may say, but honestly all should concede, that the measures really adopted were calculated to demolish other institutions and sever other ties than those of slavery. The truth of these opinions it is not now the time to argue; but this is the time, and peculiarly the time, to offer to the public that testimony to the integrity of his views which a most intimate confidential personal intercommunity with Dr. Fisk on this particular subject enables us to bear. In those moments of private expression when the first sentiments of the mind must develop themselves, and tried dissimulation will drop the mask, the most single-hearted and invariable desire for the prevalence of the great cause of human good was most perfectly apparent. Previous to sending his first publication to the press, he brought the rough draft, as he usually did his subsequent, for the purpose of comparing views; and he asked, with that candor which ever prompted him to receive any proper modification of his own views from an inferior mind, whether it were best on the whole to publish it. The conversation, as near as recollection serves, was in the following words:—"Doctor, it certainly ought to be well weighed; it commits you completely to the controversy: and from the moment you publish it, you hang yourself up as a target to be shot at." "I know that," he replied, "but I have ever, when called upon by duty, expressed my opinions without regard to personal considerations; I have found it turn out best; and I think I must do it now." This simple conversation, uttered in a college study, which either of us little prophesied would be published thus to a congregate community, passed casually, with hundreds of others equally characterized by the same spirit. "I hear," said he, with that subdued expression of voice and feature so well known to his associates, "that some of my old friends in Vermont think that I *actually have* forsaken the cause of truth and righteousness. I am sorry—but there is one consolation; as former friends leave me, God raises me up hosts of others to supply their place." He believed that an ultra anti-slavery excitement, artificially excited, would raise, in the calm sense of the community, an antagonist feeling to a specific and misguided movement, which might be

easily mistaken for, and even transformed into an antagonism against emancipation, and a complacency to the system of slavery. "It requires an effort in my own mind," he said, "in opposing their ultra denunciations of the South, not to look too favorably on what is really wrong; nevertheless, the balance must be kept." Between the defenders and perpetuators of slavery as a system, on the one side, and the unexcepting excommunicators of every man who holds a legal bondman, on the other; between the total rejecters of all sympathy with the colored race, and those who believed in an organized system of northern action in their behalf, he thought there was a broad and maintainable isthmus of opinion, where the public mind could and would probably stand. The Colonization Society, a plan founded, as he believed, and maintained, as he knew, on fundamental principles of benevolence both to the African and American, and uniting, as it did, all parties, sects, and sections, nay, even the *benevolent* master of bondmen himself, into, *at any rate, one* plan of mercy, he viewed as the only present visible palladium of hope. That it would quietly outstand the storm of excitement untouched—that when the blast had died away from all but memory, it would continue its plan of enterprise—that it would be the mediator and union point between north and south, and probably the harbinger of any scheme which would ultimately attain the great millennial step towards universal emancipation, he maintained an unwavering confidence. To these opinions he early and unequivocally committed himself; and from them never did he for a moment falter. He maintained them in the day of his towering strength; the last great public appeal to the church through his pen was in their defence; and when he could hold a pen no longer, when he had bidden farewell to all earthly hopes and his eyes were uplifted to the bar of his final Judge, the firm accents of his voice still reaffirmed their dying testimony, "The cause of colonization is the cause of God."

The election of Dr. Fisk to the presidency of the Wesleyan University offered him a new sphere of action, and a new prospect for his future history. It presented him a high and prominent pedestal, upon which he immediately became conspicuous to the

public eye ; and his reputation, which had hitherto been, although brilliant, yet circumscribed and sectional, became now unequivocal and national. He came upon the general public in the full possession of meridian powers with something of surprise ; and some of his master efforts of oratory, exhibited at this time on the platform of those great societies which bring upon one basis the members of so many different churches, produced a thrilling effect that gave him at once a sudden universality of notice. Some of his anniversary speeches, at this point of his history, we have heard spoken of with such high admiration, by such a variety of persons, that we cannot but think them the masterpieces of the orator. Deeply do we regret, that the thrilling words flung by his genius so prodigally upon the universal air, no human mind can bid back again to existence. Standing, as Dr. Fisk now did, upon the highest station of literary eminence and the highest acme of influence, he flung his great, effective, versatile powers into the most ardent and unsparing action. Calls came upon him from all quarters of the nation for the exercise of his talents ; and thus the station, which it might once have been supposed would elevate him, received its recompense in the splendid reflex illustration which his talents shed upon it. In his election to the two highest offices of literary and ecclesiastical dignity, the college presidency and the episcopacy, it was his singular destiny that the main opposition came from his personal friends, whose wish it was to retain him from those more extended spheres to their own more narrowed field. We say not how generous a friendship it is thus to hem up an individual that your own section may engross his powers. We speak not in reference to the rank or honor such a course may wrest from him ; but the friendship which can for life throw its fetters around the great powers of a responsible being, and send him into the presence of his God with unexerted energies slumbering in his arm and unimproved talents buried in the earth, *might* look very like the greatest cruelty. Still, in reference to the episcopacy, the friends of the president and the friends of the University could not but feel that he was then standing upon that tower among the bulwarks of Zion which he ought to occupy until summoned to the upper sky.

They felt, and we think that he felt, that he ought to die as he had been destined to live, and be to posterity as he was to us, the FIRST PRESIDENT of the WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY. The UNIVERSITY was the one single object of enterprise which lay most near his heart while living ; it was among the last of his dying earthly solicitudes ; it is the signal memento upon which his name must go down to posterity. And could he by me this night present one bequest and pledge to you his affectionate friends and reverers, most fit for him to send, most appropriate for me to bring, what other could it be than this, the surviving monument of his talents and his toils ? Orphaned of him, the Wesleyan University claims a new adoption into your cherishing affections, and your zeal of enterprise. It was his—it is yours. By the holy name of WESLEY inscribed upon her entablatures—by the sacred memory of FISK emblazoned first upon her heraldry—by her past brief, but successful career, and by her hopeful yet tremulous prospects for the future—by what she has already done for our church, and by what she yet may do for your ministry and sons—we implore that, if while his arm sustained us, ye leaned too much upon its support, now ye would redouble your effort and substitute your energies to supply the vacuum of its withdrawal. Memorials more near to your own metropolis you may erect to the memory of the departed, honorable to yourselves and appropriate to him ; but his spirit would bid me tell you, that no memento could be dearer from your efforts to him than the towering success of that monument to whose existence his labors contributed ; in all the elements of whose prosperity his prayers are intermingled ; around whose columns his memories are entwined ; and within whose hallowed precincts his ashes are reposing.

The pulpit in which I stand and the audience addressed are both remembrancers, that the man whose character is commemorated was, as has been already said, the champion of a cause. Dr. Fisk's Methodism, uncompromising as it was, was of the most genuinely liberal stamp ; for with him it was synonymous with "*Christianity in earnest.*" He knew that not only the spirit, but the very name of Methodism, upon another continent, is synonymous with vital religion of belief, heart, and life ; and he knew and rejoiced too

that, even on our continent, the more fervid tone that now melts through all the spirit of the American Church, not only thence instrumentally received its electric spring, but was what in Europe would be called, and here would thirty years ago have been called, Methodistic. In the spirit that he saw transcending his sectarian boundary lines, and transfusing itself through the different bodies of the American Protestant Church, he saw the pervading glory of his Methodism. But he was not one jot the less an unflinching champion for the creed, the forms, and the institutions of central, original Methodism proper. He believed her tenets the purest *fac simile* of the New Testament original; he contemplated her forms as the best enshrinement of her creed and spirit; and he maintained her whole machinery and operations as the best attainable apparatus for evangelizing the world. He knew that there was *a spirit in her springs, and eyes in her wheels*; and while he would rigidly and purely confine her to the most energetic and decisive effort to electrify the world with the gospel's power, he would sooner have disjointed his arm from its socket than not have maintained her utmost energy in that one, pure, holy work. Religious radicalism and church anarchy found in him an opponent, uncompromising, frank, and perpendicular; for while they eyed the bishop elect as assuming the air of haughty churchmanship, and drawing up the reins of an upstarting prolatie, he viewed them as cutting the marrow and sinew of the best-nerved evangelic arm that has ever since the apostolic days held forth the gospel gift to the nations of the earth. Upon this occasion, we hold ourselves no disputant, and upon any occasion no arbiter of so great a question. Our prayer and our trust are, that whatsoever may be the fate of ecclesiastic institutions, the gospel's power and the Bible's truth may be triumphant.

Such, my friends, was Wilbur Fisk. Such, at least he was, to the fallible view, and in the hastily-expressed phrase of one whose happiness it was to enjoy his friendship, and whose honor it was to have been the associate of some of his earthly labors. If personal feelings were likely to color the expression, still the endeavor has been to draw the lineaments from memory, and to speak with

the impartiality of history. And so speaking, we must say, that in the possession of great and most beautifully balanced mental powers, held in sway by the energy of predominant will, and *that will aiming at the highest moral purpose*, he has left very few, if any, his living superiors. And we must affirm, that we hold him to be one of those characters deigned in mercy to a wicked world—commissioned messengers of almighty goodness, on ministers of grace and mercy—God's *visible ANGELS of the church below*.

Brethren in the ministry of reconciliation, he whom we have lost rejoiced to make great worldly sacrifice for the honor of being your brother in your high and sacred calling. With the path of human ambition full in high prospect before his ardent imagination, with a heart beating with hope, and talents that most amply augured his complete success, he sacrificed all—and his was a Methodism and a ministry which cost him something. “When,” says he, in one of his private papers, “when I made up my mind to be a Methodist travelling preacher, it was an entire abandonment of ease, wealth, worldly honor, and even an earthly home.” Such was his sacrifice; but it was without reserve—without retraction—and without regret. How beautiful and striking an assurance did he give of this, in a passage (which his modesty would not allow to be published, as being too personal) addressed by him in England to thirty young missionaries, then ordained for the foreign service! “When, in the new world, I gave myself to the itinerant ministry, I laid my ease, my reputation, my future prospects, my all, on the missionary altar; and I have never regretted it. No, nor even for one moment have I ever wished to take any thing back; so good has God been in his manifestations to me.” To you, his brethren in the midst of the successive deprivations she has suffered, in the quenching of her shining lights, the church turns with new and increasing solicitude. What stars have, from our earthly orrery, gone up to the high empyrean! An Emory, a Ruter, a Merwin, a Fisk, where are they? Alas, our prophets—they live not for ever! But though they to our vision be lost, all is not lost; for the great Head of the church survives, “Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.”

Brethren of the Young Men's Missionary and Bible Societies, yours too was this great loss. From among your bulwarks a tower of strength hath departed. Ye are coming to your place of annual gathering, but let there be no voice of joy among you—for know ye not that a prince and a great man hath fallen in Israel? Ye are summoning down from their towers the watchmen of Zion, to challenge them, "What of the night?"—but summon ye not the noblest of them all,—for know ye not that the beauty of Israel is slain upon her high places? I have come—for ye have called me—from the halls of study and the abodes of science, and I tell you there was a sadness and a mourning among them; for he who was their chief light was quenched and gone. His pupils look over the green sward where he walked, and the prayer-room where he came, and they thought to have seen him—and then remember they that they shall see him no more. We, the partners of his labors, gather ourselves to our place of counsel, but our little number is diminished; we look for our guide and our own familiar friend—but he comes not—he shall be there no more! There is a widowed heart that is lone and desolate—and she mourneth with a mourning that may not be comforted—for he who was her life's life is gone, and gone for ever!

We stand by the new heaped tombless mound, where spring hath spread her fresh green sod, and we muse silently over the days when he, who was meek as a lamb in his mildness, and mighty as a lion in his strength, with his voice of softness and his look of peace, was one among us; and we say, as we gaze upon his grave—

Shrine of the mighty! can it be
That this is all remains of thee?

From the field where he lies—from the scene where he fell—I have come at your kindly bidding; but I bring you not that mighty heart which ye knew once beat with such heaving throbs in the cause for which ye are banded; for that heart beats no more;—but the pulsations which it felt and the vibrations which it awakened shall revolve to the world's remotest bound, and their wave shall never cease! I bring you not the lofty utterings of that voice

which once pleaded with you and for you in your own cause ; for its words are gone, and its tones are suppressed in death ; and yet they are not dead ; for they were sparks of immortality ; and they burn in many a living heart—burning hearts that shall kindle other hearts—and the fire shall be undying ! I bring not that manly form which once led your section of the sacramental host ; for that form now moulders in the fresh spring cemetery that spreads upon the sunny hill where his pupils' hands have placed it ; but mouldering as is his dust, I hold on high before you his beaming example, to guide, like a flaming pillar, your triumphant march in the cause for which he lived, and for which you labor. These shall be his still surviving life ; in these, even on earth, shall he be immortal. But to the image that once lived and now is dead—to the speech once articulate but now hushed—to the eye once beaming with intelligence but now closed, we join to bid our *silent—sorrowing—last—FAREWELL !*

PSYCHOLOGY.

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A LYCEUM LECTURE.

PSYCHOLOGY.

THERE is a science, once possessed of more than an imperial sway over the minds of men, and still venerable as age can make it, which has, in modern times, been so deposed from its throne and divested of its once unbounded popularity, that its devotees have been obliged, in order to reinvest it with its ancient authority, to clothe it with new characteristics, and to baptize it with a new name. They have chosen to call it PSYCHOLOGY—and *the nature and claims* of this science are the points which we propose to discuss at the present time.

And when the mass of individuals, whose course of thought and reading is far removed from the territories of this science, are told that it is no scheme for regulating the currency, or tariff for the promotion of manufactures,—that it is no plan for conducting legislation, influencing elections, or making presidents,—that it is no new application of steam-power to locomotive mechanics,—and, in fine, that it does not immediately handle matters that can be weighed by avoirdupois, or measured by the foot-rule; the reply is very likely to be, “Then it is the science of nothing at all:” and when we add, that it is a department of the science of Metaphysics, its death sentence is pronounced—“Then it is the science of worse than nothing.”

Better or worse, however, *psychology or mental philosophy is the science of thought*. While the boisterous multitude at large are employing all their active sagacity in penetrating the objects and

managing the operations of the external world of men and things, the psychologist is hushing this exterior excitement, turning his mind's eye inward, and analyzing the processes which are going on in the deep recesses of his own mind. And he explores the recesses of his own mind, just as Bacon would have us explore the facts of natural philosophy or chemistry—by observation and experiment; and by the same instrument with which Newton explored the upper depths of the heavens, and attained all his discoveries—*by patient thought*. Thought, alone, can investigate thought. Judging all things else, it can be judged only by itself. Thought is with the psychologist, the agent—thought, the instrument—thought, the subject. Into the essence of mind he does not presume to penetrate. Out of what substance the almighty Architect has been pleased to construct the intellectual machine, he cannot pronounce. Of that machine, he pretends to know only the operations and the products—namely, *thoughts*. Psychology is therefore the *science of THOUGHT*.

But from this humble ground, the science ascends to higher claims. Having long and patiently watched the operative mind, it ascertains the modes in which mind does and does not act—it then pronounces upon the powers, and enunciates the laws by which those powers proceed. Precisely then as the Baconian watches the processes of materials around us, or as the Newtonian marks the heavenly bodies and traces their azure pathways, and thus both pronounce upon the laws, powers, and properties of their respective objects, so does the psychologist, eying the movements of the mental being, enunciate its active powers, properties, and laws. The natural philosopher knows as little of the inner essence of matter, as the mental philosopher does of mind. But when the former has ascertained the properties of matter and the laws of its movements, he claims to know its nature. When the mechanist has ascertained the powers and the modes of operation of a machine, he claims to know all that man can know of its nature. So when the psychologist ascertains the powers and operations of the mind, he humbly claims to know something of its nature. As is the operation, so is the operator; as is the working, so is the machine; as a man thinketh, so is he. Psychology then is the science of human nature. Others may claim

to be sciences of externality and of matter ; — this may humbly claim to be the philosophy of man—the science of humanity.

● PSYCHOLOGY *may farther claim to ascertain the CERTAINTY of all our knowledge.* Ascertaining the powers of the mind, it decides when the mind is able to feel and pronounce a *certainly* ; and thus, while some affirm it to be an *uncertain* science, it certainly is the science of *certainly*. It thus pronounces upon and lies at the basis of all our knowledge, and of all the sciences. What is certainty in knowledge, but the positive and involuntary affirmation which the mind finds itself obliged to make and give forth of any proposition ? How do I know that three and four are seven, or that the shortest distance between two points is a straight line ? Because the mind, incapable of denying, positively affirms these truths. How am I certain that space is infinite—that beyond all bounds, and beyond all possible conception, space still stretches its extension into absolute infinitude ? Although I never have, by actual experiment, tried this “*vast obscure*” of boundlessness, I know it, for the oracular power within forbids denial by its own spontaneous dictates. I find these affirmations absolute and involuntary—forced by the mind’s own law upon itself—and I am sure too this is not the law of my own mind merely, but of all human minds,—that in these respects all mind is one and the same,—and that these dictates are the spontaneous, unanimous verdict of the faculties of all humanity. But then if you ask me how I know that in these primary affirmations the human intelligence speaks truth, and how do I know but the human faculties all deceive me ?—I can only reply that if they do deceive me, there is no help for it—I am shut up into their circle—they are my only dependence—and in trusting to them I do the best I can. I cannot conceive how I could possess a revelation from heaven itself, except by the same approving affirmation of my faculties ; and if that affirmation cannot be trusted, then I can be certain of no revelation. It is useless for me to endeavor to leap out of the circle of my own faculties—the boundaries of my own nature. All certainty is grounded, then, in the nature of mind ; and in studying mind I learn what are those primary truths which mind essentially affirms, and at which doubt terminates. I settle, first, principles. I fix some starting

points which it is absurd and out of nature to deny, as it is impossible really to doubt; from which I may issue as from a sure commencement, and to which I may refer as a sure test, and thence taking my bearing, I make a more certain course in the direction of any science. *PSYCHOLOGY is therefore the basis-science of all sciences.*

PSYCHOLOGY, then, includes *the science of* FIRST PRINCIPLES. The undisciplined mind generally entertains a thousand principles, deposited by education, false reasonings, or accident, which it adopts with all the confidence of *first principles*, but which are justly denominated *prejudices*. Like incrustations so gathered upon some solid body as to be identified with it, these settled prepossessions seem to form a part of the mind itself. Let these prejudices be attacked, and the man is as much bewildered as if you should attack the reality of his own personal existence. Knock these false props from under him, and he feels as if all the foundations of certainty were broken up; he reels under a sickening dizziness; he "staggers to and fro like a drunken man, and is at his wits' ends." On the other hand many a smattering, small sophist, armed with a few of the common-place arguments of scepticism, exults at the disturbance and puzzle he produces in the minds of untaught believers, when nearly his whole art consists in boldly questioning first principles and requiring proof of axioms which ought to be admitted in all cases as pre-requisite conditions of all reasoning. By such sophistry a fickle mind is often perverted; a mind of dogged common sense after a brief period of perturbation resumes its grapple upon its instinctive principles; while a well disciplined mind immediately sees that the sophist is denying first principles, and arguing in a style that uproots all certainty. These sophistries, even in a perverted mind, are never brought into the practical concerns of life; for when business comes, speculation is immediately gone from the mind, and the instinctive dictates of the mind resume their play and rule over all the practical life. But men think of morality and religion only in their speculative moments, when the instinctive dictates are suppressed, and a mode of logic is introduced, which in business concerns would be sheer

moonstruck madness. Most of these sophisms with which Mr. Hume seemed to menace the foundations of morality and religion, were such as he in express terms declares he never used out of the closet. He used them, he tells us, not as an *agent*, but as a *philosopher*. He knew, nor did he attempt to deny, that his reasonings unsettled all natural philosophy, as well as all religion. Yet, in the former, they never disturbed a moment's faith; while in the latter, they have been deemed demonstration. Against these sophisms the Scotch school of mental philosophers protested and appealed to common sense; while the German school, as some imagine with a profounder philosophy, refuted Mr. Hume by professedly making a clearer development, and drawing forth a clearer enunciation of the primary affirmations of the human intellect.

The importance of grounding the mind well in first principles, may clearly appear from the fact that we can scarce enter upon any great topic of discussion without being brought back to them whenever our opponent pleases. State an argument in any moral, religious, political or scientific debate, and your opponent has only to say, Sir, I do not admit the premises you assume as the basis of your argument. You are then to prove your premises by assuming other premises back of them, which he may again refuse to admit. You may thus retreat from premise to premise, until you come to primary and axiomatical principles, the denial of which excludes him from the pale of reasoning. It is thus that *a discussion in any department of debate may ultimately resolve itself into a question of psychology.*

I have said that psychology is the science of the investigation of human thought. Now to most minds it is certainly true that thoughts appear to be very evanescent and impalpable things. But evanescent and intangible as they are, they are the controllers of all human actions. Men, huge as be their frames of massy bone and iron sinew, are but the moving automatons of these evanescent half-nothings, called thoughts. Headstrong and impetuous though they be, those robust human bulks are the pure creatures of those mental fermentations in the brain. Nay, their most extravagant

outbursts are the most implicit obedience to some intangible, unsubstantial idea within. Investigate the laws of thought, then, and you at the same time investigate the laws of action. Learn the current of human thinking, and you know the career of human movement. Learn how men's thoughts may be best directed, and you know how men's actions may be best governed. The whole *science of GOVERNMENT is therefore founded in the science of man's nature*. If you have any consistent theory of human polity, it must be founded in your view of man as a thinking being.

Nay, more ; the sum total of *all human HISTORY* is worth nothing except as *a lesson in the science of the human mind* and of human nature. It is a curious, yet in some sense a plausible speculation, that men are but ideas clothed with flesh and bones. They are simply thoughts, cased in movable frames ; and the motions of their frames are but the mechanical effects of the mental force within. We talk of material or physical force, but it is very dubious whether all force does not reside in, and issue from, mind ; of which matter is but the passive and inert creature. The body of the great world is controlled by the infinite mind ; the body of man is controlled by a finite mind. The history of the great universe, then, could it be written, would be the history of the divine mind operating ; and all the events of human history, physical as they appear, are but the evolutions of ever-developing ideas, clothed in physical and visible form. All the recorded struggles of history are but the collision of different ideas, brought into hostile contact. Hence, all that series of gigantic changes which has passed in such grand procession across the theatre of the world, appearing like an inexplicable crowd of bodily mechanisms, is, to the eye of philosophy, but the great working of human ideas. And he is the true historian, who makes the external body the transparent vehicle through which the resplendent idea may beam. History then ceases to be a mere schedule of corporeal and muscular motions—a sort of surgical detail of anatomical movements. It is the history of thinking beings ; and therefore a history, in the highest sense of human nature. Instead of the putrid corpse, let the historian give us the *soul of history*, and it will be the *history of the soul*.

From a "patient study of man as thus extensively exhibited, we learn what man generally and collectively is—we learn all the elements that go to make up human nature—we ascertain its weakness and its strength, its failures and its attainments, the dangers which experience proves to beset its great law of progress, the depraved elements which give countenance to the temptations to despair, and the great means, whether natural or supernatural, whether civilization or the gospel, by which there may be flung over the gloomy scene the hopes of future renovation. For one, laying aside for one moment the spirit of system, even the Christian system, and contemplating man's nature as exhibited in the great historic whole, I do not find in man's nature sufficient elements of good, to hope for one moment that unaided humanity can for itself work out the great work of self-regeneration. Nor do I expect—indeed I smile at the fantasy—that any form of self-styled philosophic Christianity or any new organization of society, which places its hopes in the lofty powers of human nature for a spontaneous perfectibility, exaggerated far above any thing that history or experience hath ever taught, will accomplish its bloated promises, or achieve any thing but a most ignominious failure. It is vain to falsify man's history, in order to flatter man's nature; it is infatuation to build upon that flattery the structure of human renovation in this world, any more than of salvation in a world to come. To my ear, unregenerate nature may most appropriately exclaim, in the words which an apostle most beautifully puts upon her lips, "I am carnal sold under sin." "Wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" But, with an apostle too, we may elevate our hopes to a higher source, and then, "Thanks be to God—through Jesus Christ—who giveth us the victory." Thus do I read human nature, in the great volume of human history, as clearly as in divine revelation; I know full well, however, that of that volume there are other and various readings; and every one is free, and for all me, is welcome, for himself, to spell out his mighty lesson. All that, for my present purpose, is necessary, is, the clearly developed fact that history *contains the great lesson*. If history be not good for *this* purpose, it is good for nothing. And

thus *history is but one form of mental science* ; it is "philosophy teaching by examples." It is the *handmaid of* PSYCHOLOGY. But the science of mental philosophy not only endeavors to ascertain the elements of human nature developed historically in time, but to *mark the limitations of our species* as distinguished from the merely animal species that exist on earth. It demarks off the race of *man as distinguished from surrounding living beings* ; and defines him not as merely "the noblest of *animals*." While some naturalists from the resemblance of some brutes to man in mere physical conformation, have endeavored to obliterate the line of distinction which marks the point where humanity ceases and brutality commences, psychology points to the transcendent expansibility of mind, developed not merely in the human individual, but in the historic advancement of the race, as the lofty characteristic which infinitely distances brute nature from man's, and shows that the fact that some species of animals resemble man in the mere accident of fleshly shape, assimilates them no nearer to human nature, than they would be if possessed of the crawling folds of the serpent ; nor half as much as if they had the insect sagacity of the architectural and politic bee. Psychology pronounces that if man be associated as wearing the externals of this lower animated creation, he is still by right of mind its sole supreme ; and possessed of traits that mark him for another sphere. But while all which is not man is thus *excluded*, all that truly is man must be completely *included*. They mistake, who imagine that the savage state is the true and only state of nature ; as if all the processes by which man develops his faculties in the forms of civilization, arts, and social refinement, were so many departures from human nature. On the contrary, savage life, if any, is unnatural life ; and man, in the full development of his faculties, is perhaps most truly *man*, in the most complete possession of his own nature. The process and progress of art, are, after all, but a complete expansion of man's active nature. And they on the other hand err, too, who forget that man has some permanent characteristics, and assert that circumstances create him all he is. There are those who view human nature as a sort of fused mass, ready to be run into any mould

which education may supply. They commit what is learnedly called a *ὑστερον πρωτερον*; or, in plain Anglo-Saxon, they put the cart before the horse—the effect before the cause. Education does not create or produce human nature, but human nature does produce and create education. Education is the human mind operating on the human mind; and out of the innate energies of the human mind does the whole process spring. Educated man is but self-developed man; he presents human nature unfolding itself by the reaction of its own powers; and however completely it is carried out, it is still comprehended by psychology, as mind carried to a higher perfection, yet still within the range of its own nature.

And when our science has thus comprehended the elements and the limitations of man's nature, it is then, if ever, prepared to pronounce upon the most momentous and thrilling of all questions—the *purposes of his creation and the DESTINY of his being*. Here is the intellectual machine, and such are its operations; tell me, for what was it made? Is it a temporary hovel flung up for the moment, or a permanent palace built for ages? Is it a compounded and decomposable organization, or is it a simple and indestructible essence? Can the elements of eternity be analyzed as done up in our composition? Is there the authority of a divinely planted instinct in our aspirations after IMMORTALITY? Are these choices of ours the unecessitated, yet *responsible* acts of a *FREE being*? Is there within us a moral nature, claiming its origin and connection with the divinity, and asserting itself the harbinger of eternal RETRIBUTION? Does our inmost nature authoritatively affirm the existence of an infinite, absolute, supreme ONE? Lives there the human being whose mind has not put to itself questionings like these, and to whom these are not, above all other questions, most momentous? Happy are those in whose mind education and authority have deposited such an unfaltering trust in these great truths, as to save it from ever experiencing the withering anxiety of such a doubt. It is a tendency reserved for the bold and inquiring mind, who scorns all authority, and claims originally to *know*, who feels it to be his mission to institute independent investigation, and to be in himself an authority, who yields faith to nothing but the assertions of his

own reason, to tempt the infinite hazard of such queries, and feel the agonies of such doubts. It is his, to put to his own mind, the question of his own mind's destinies. But very much as is the philosophy of that mind, will be its settlement of that question. *For a false and faithless philosophy will produce an infidel and despairing creed.* And the fact that one's philosophy lies back of, and controls one's creed, is equally true, whether that philosophy be formed and acquired by the mind's own original investigation, or whether it be deposited by education and authority, or have floated in, like floodwood hitherward drifted by every gust of accident. In these different ways, does, in fact, every mind collect within its depths more or less of a settled sediment at bottom, which gives color and character to all the upper strata of its opinions. Few persons are there, in whose minds there is not, more or less analyzed, a basis philosophy of settled opinions, which constitutes the prepossessions with which they are previously prepared to view any newly presented question; and it is this mass of back philosophy, this prepossession, which produces the very great variety and difference in the views of individuals, when the same question is presented to each. Each man's own previously possessed philosophy governs both his mode of arguing and his ultimate decision of every new question. It is therefore the settling of first principles in the mind that controls the decisions and forms the character of that mind. And the business of correctly forming these first controlling principles belongs to Psychology.

And the remarks I have made serve to show how mistaken they are who suppose that the *studies of the metaphysician* are merely the dozy amusements of the cloistered muser, *totally devoid of practical power or popular utility.* There are those who fancy that the events of the world, the actions of collective men, are no way connected with, or controlled by, the speculations of the retired, noiseless, bookish thinker. Even speculative men themselves, unconsciously of their own real power, and the power of their own thoughts, have made the same mistake. There was no point upon which Mr. Hume was more clear than this, that while as *reasonings* his statements were unanswerable, yet they would never do in *action.*

Between his speculations and all practical action, even his own, he supposed there was an impassable gulf. These are his words: "My practice you say refutes my doubts. But you mistake the purport of my question. As an *agent* I am quite satisfied upon the point; but as a *philosopher*, who has some share of curiosity, I will not say scepticism, I want to learn the foundation of this inference." "Nor need we fear," says he elsewhere, "that this philosophy should ever undermine the reasonings of common life, and carry its doubts so far as to destroy all action, as well as speculation. Nature will always maintain her rights, and prevail in the end over any abstract reasoning whatever." Without enlarging upon the hint, which I have before dropped, that these reasonings of Mr. Hume, which were to be no reasonings at all in practical life, were of course to be authoritative in morals and religion; and without dwelling upon these clear acknowledgments, that the arguments by which he would sustain scepticism in the moral world, would destroy all operation in the practical world, were they not neutralized by the nature of man; what we would point out is, the clear demarcation which Mr. Hume attempts to make between the speculatist's closet and the common world. Mr. Gibbon is said, also, in a conversation once over his cups, to have made remarks like the following:—"My sceptical principles are like this wine, which we are drinking—were you to open it by the hogshead, and let the general rabble gulp at their pleasure, it would doubtless transform them into licentious brutes; while we who have discretion and self-government enough, can use it with benefit. So the scepticism which would be ruinous to the world at large, can be harmless enough with us philosophers." Thus the man of the closet and the man of the world agree that speculation has nothing to do with practical action: the former to destroy his responsibility for the licentious sophisms he broaches, the latter to banish the imputation that he is controlled by the dreams of a shrivelled pedant. Now I have no hesitation in saying that he is egregiously mistaken, whether speculatist or worldling, who supposes that there can be such a divorce of the world of thought from the world of action. Thought among collective, as well as individual men, controls action; and you might as well make the hand ma-

nipulate without the brain, as make the events of the world move on, uncontrolled by the general ideas of the world. Give a principle, or an idea, complete prevalence in the schools, let it assume the authority of a settled philosophy, and you might as well fasten the cholera with a log-chain, as to lock up this miasm from the moral atmosphere. Let it be an acknowledged and triumphant philosophy, and it will be caught by the affectation of every pretender, it will be paraded by the schools, it will circulate through the literature, it will fly on the myriad and legionary wings of the weekly and the daily press, until it travels out through every section and reaches down to every stratum of society.

Am I told that such a control of the speculative over the active world has never existed? Luckless assertion! Such a control ever has, does still, and always will exist. Aristotle, if ever man was, was a speculatist and a metaphysician; and he held the world for centuries, spell-bound in the clamps of a syllogism. And who was the great emancipator, and how was the liberation accomplished? I answer, The emancipator was Bacon; and he performed the work by introducing a new idea—a new mode of investigation—the philosophy, in one word, of experiment. It was not Bacon the Chancellor, for he was not quite original enough to refuse a bribe; it was not Bacon, the naturalist, for many a savan is now ten times more knowing than he; but it was Bacon, the philosopher of the modes of thought; Bacon the *metaphysician*, who, with a new philosophy, introduced to the world a new era, the glorious impulse of which is now felt in every car that thunders along our railroads, and every ship whose canvas whitens the bosom of the seas. The demonstrations of the mathematician over his theorem, or the discoveries of the astronomer within his observatory, have not more absolutely governed the sailor boy reefing his topsails, or the helmsman guiding his bark upon the watery deep, than have the deductions of the closeted intellectualist laid their broad controlling laws over the social and political movements of the world.

History herself testifies that mind is the impelling mover of all her machinery. The most terrific page in the history of modern ages, is the blood-red page of the French Revolution. The eye,

as it fixes its gaze, half attracted and half repelled by the tragic interest upon its whirlpools of slaughter, sees little indeed in its scenes and processes, but the most downright material and mechanical butchery. If, however, the mental spectator of such a scene, be philosopher enough to know that every such external problem has its inner solution, and that every such drama upon the outer stage, has some connection with inner and more intellectual causations, and if he should demand who were the immediate intellectual movers of this machinery of murder, the answer would doubtless be—The mob orators of Paris. And who were the instigators of the rabble haranguers; and whence obtained they the themes of their anarchic and atheistic rhetoric? From the philosophers, encyclopedists and *litterateurs*. And who schooled this intellectual tribe in their destructive philosophy? Had you asked them, their unanimous reply, would doubtless have been, JOHN LOCKE. In the year 1690, (so would run the story,) Locke, a plain, but scholar-like Englishman, had taken it into his head, in a spirit of simple independence, to investigate the origin of all our ideas, and the certainty of all our knowledge. His system, deriving all our ideas originally from sense, and characterized, in some degree, perhaps, by tendencies to materialism, was adopted by the sensual philosophists of France. They made it the basis of the revolutionary school, whose psychology was materialism; whose physiology was "*death an endless sleep*"; whose religion was atheism; whose scheme of government was anarchy; and the practical completion of whose whole theory, terminated in the finishing stroke of the guillotine.

Thus will it ever be found, that however apparently physical the external event may seem, and however lengthened the train of causal steps may be, backward traced, its genesis will be developed as some intellectual principle. Within his scholastic cloister the master-thinker develops the energetic truth, or fabricates the splendid lie, which goes invisibly forth to create events that make a historic epoch. The popular mass knows not whence came the power by which it is made an instrument. The spectator, intoxicated at the grandeur of the event, and the immensity of the machinery, is too electrified to investigate coolly, whence came the unseen, but

well-felt momentum. The external movement seems noisy, visible and palpable, while the internal cause is silent, unseen, mysterious. As the thinking principle which sends forth its volitions to order all the muscular movements of our bodily frame, secretes itself in the silent cells of the human brain, where no *knife* can dissect, and no microscope detect, its impalpable essence, so, frequently, does the thinking power, which sends forth its impulses that move the huge limbs of the public leviathan, dwell in the quiet study, where the eclat of the popular gaze never sheds its lustre, and the voices of popular huzza never deign to pour their music.

And these trains of thought will show, too, how much are they mistaken, who fancy that it is of little consequence what are the prevailing modes of thought and favorite style of philosophizing, of any particular age. If thought controls actions—if principles shape events—if some great transcendent idea characterizes an age,—then must it be of the utmost consequence what are the leading ideas which at any given age make up the great amount of public mind. Tell me what is the moral and mental philosophy, if there be any, of any one age, and I should have little hesitation in venturing to conjecture what is the character of its events. Strange indeed would be the anomaly of an age, the style of whose thinking and acting were not *one*!

Particular eras and particular nations have, indeed, been the embodiment of some one great idea, of which their most energetic political institutions, and their most massy material structures, have been, not the creators, but the creatures. Rome's magnificent architectures and massy bulwarks, her imperial roads, nay, her Capitol itself, resplendent with the trophies of a conquered world, to the outward eye, no doubt, presented an aspect of solidity, infinitely more striking than any abstract idea or bodiless principle ever could present to the eye of the most vivid faith. And yet what laid her walls as firm, apparently, as the earth's foundations, and reared her battlements, menacing the earth with haughty supremacy? I answer, It was one grand, all-absorbing *idea*, which for centuries filled the heart of every Roman and of Rome, subordinating to itself every other thought and feeling, grappling every

fibre, and reining up every nerve to a pitch of self-devotion and enthusiasm which nothing within and nothing without could withstand. It formed her national faith, to which, whoever was heretic, was not Roman. That *idea* which created all her greatness was, in one word, PATRIOTISM. And when at length the supremacy of that idea was lost, and Rome sunk by her own mental and physical inertness beneath the arms of the northern barbarians into the grave of the dark ages, what idea was it which reared and reorganized upon the very tomb of her pagan glory, an empire at once more spiritual and more despotic than ever bowed beneath the sceptre of Augustus? The Gothic structures of the iron ages were massy things; the cathedral domes, the frowning monasteries, the iron inquisitions, were things of fearful strength. But there was one immaterial *idea*—one mere abstract principle—one mode of *thought* which shaped and controlled, if it did not *create* these masses of material power, which gave to them its own apparent indestructibility, which made them mighty while it flourished, and which, when it decayed, left all their massiness to evaporate with the mists of the morning. That one idea, which shaped both the civil institutions and the physical structures of the middle ages, and which, reigning alike in the heart of the bold baron in his feudal castle, of the trembling, collared peasant in his rude hut, of the superstitious monarch on his subservient throne, and of the crafty Jesuit, compassing with his insidious path an abject world, wrought a resurrection of a more than imperial Rome upon her own seven hills,—that idea, in a word, was SUPERSTITION. It was hatred of heresy as the devil, and devotion to the Church as more than God. Without this idea, reigning in each individual heart, it could not have inspired the general mass; and vain then would have been the exertion of any power to found those mighty fabrics whose frowning yet shadowy remains still solemnly remind us how changed are now all the tendencies of the human soul. But it must not be forgotten, that coëval with this great religious idea, was one political idea, subordinate indeed, yet mighty and creative, which gave and still gives to thrones their legitimacy, to dungeons their despotism, to armies their discipline, to cabinets their diplomacy, and to kingdoms their

nationality ; an *idea*—a mere mode of *thought*—without which thrones and Bastiles and courts and camps would be to the political world but the shadow of a shade. It reigned most mightily when it reared the feudal system ; it reigns most mightily now in the despotisms of the East, and in the supremacy of the Northern Czar, and it displayed a life ever fresh, when it placed in the hands of a girl of twenty, the sceptre of that island realm upon whose dominions the sun never sets. That principle, without which beating in the hearts of a half-civilized people, political power would be impossible, and which forms the personal tie between the lowliest subject and the loftiest monarch, that principle, in a single term, is **LOYALTY**. And it was these twin ideas, cotemporary and coöperative, *superstition* and *loyalty-devotion* to the pope and to the prince, which have created most of the history, for several centuries, of the social world.

But these seem now decaying ideas. Slowly and doubtfully, yet more and more energetically, a new idea is rising into the ascendant. Those old feelings which made the individual nothing, and the great body politic in the person of the prince every thing, are losing power ; and the gradual rise of a new idea is announcing the dawn of a new era. Starting, perhaps, at the reformation like a gleam of light, streaking with more and more expanded breadth adown the page of history, it now flings its commencing radiance over near half the two continents. It has gathered fresh splendor from every fresh growth of popular freedom ; its brightest accessions have been acquired in the latest centuries ; it saw its widest triumphs on our own soil ; and its most fearful failure in the French Revolution. It is the principle of political **EQUALITY**.

Now these are nothing more than *modes of thought*, exhibited in the collective community, and developed in public events. They *belong to the philosophy of human thought* and human nature. They show us the power of thought, and warn us not to think that ideas are nothing. Above all, they warn us how important, above all other importance, is the solemn business of forming what is called a **PUBLIC MIND**. In the public mind is contained all the elements of the public destiny for weal or woe. The public mind

pronounces its own sentence. As a nation thinketh, so is it, in character and in fate. If the principles it adopts as primary be but primal falsehoods; if its ideas are of a decayed and obsolete character, public folly and national lassitude are the result. If, on the other hand, its first principles and fundamental ideas be faith, hope, charity; if its first of these first principles is the inviolableness of absolute right; if its ideas retain all the freshness of a young enthusiasm, national progress and national happiness must be the result.

THE CHRISTIAN CITIZEN'S POLITICAL DUTIES.

**AN ADDRESS,
DELIVERED AT DIFFERENT PLACES
DURING THE
POLITICAL EXCITEMENT OF 1840.**

THE CHRISTIAN CITIZEN'S POLITICAL DUTIES.

THE exercise of the elective franchise, while it is claimed by all as a matter of constitutional right, and actively used by many as a means of personal profit, is appreciated by few as a matter of dignity, and conscientiously felt by still fewer as a matter of the most sacred obligation. On the other hand, it is matter of just alarm that politics are, in so large a part of the public mind, enveloped with the most gross and repulsive associations. There are gentlemen to whom they are so vulgar, sentimentalists to whom they are so coarse, and Christians to whom they are so unholy, that it seems necessary to their own dignity, refinement, and piety, to shun their contact. And streaks of this kind of feeling, it is curious to observe, not seldom flash across politicians themselves. Natural as is the tendency in men to bring their conscience down to the level of their practice, the moral sense of politicians in their reflective moments obliges them to talk of the "low intrigues," "the sordid game," "the selfish strifes" of their own pursuits. They seem to realize that there are others occupying a purer moral atmosphere, whose purity of life and sanctity of profession keep them aloof; and who cannot invade their unhallowed precincts with untainted garments. Whenever a wanderer from that far-off holy ground intrudes upon their premises, he is eyed with askance looks, as one who is not only compromising his own character, but molesting the settled domains of equivocal morality. Sanctity visiting a horse-race, or

chastity walking into a brothel, they think as much in place, as conscience dealing in politics, or piety treading the election ground.

The consequence of this tone of feeling is, that whole classes of men, in a greater or less degree, seek the place of retreat. Some abandon the caucus, convention, and committee-room, as no place for them; but retain the poor privileges of expressing themselves implicitly in defence of the party in which they are embodied, and the candidatea whom they find imposed upon them, by the managers to whom they have given the reins. Others retreat a little farther; both abandoning all the management to the party leaders, and yet, rejecting any subserviency or subordination to either side, they retain the right to discuss the merits of either, and vote as reason may dictate. Others, farther still, shrink from the noise and clamor that fill the political atmosphere; but unwilling to lose all their rights, persist in giving a silent vote. A last class, possessed of a moral consciousness more sensitive still, or a spirit of quietism more settled, find themselves wholly repelled from the very ballot-box. Galled by the pressure of that law, which depravity in the ascendant has passed, that they are too pious for politics, they retire, save on some extraordinary occasions perhaps, brow-beaten and crest-fallen from the contest. As another after another retreats, the law becomes more imperative and proscriptive, until the boldest turns craven and slinks away disfranchised and dumb. Thus subdued and tamed, in due time he becomes so abject as to ratify the rightfulness of that very ostracism which pronounces him too good for any thing. Reduced to a cipher, he rejoices in his own nonentity, and ejaculates upon himself the benediction, "Blessed be nothing, for I am reduced to it." He learns to say, "Politics are a low and sordid business, unfit for a gentleman, a scholar, a Christian."

This melancholy effect reacts to increase the melancholy cause that produces it. Politics affirm that they are too bad to be touched, and piety affirms that she is too good to touch them. The ground is thus, by equal consent, surrendered; and the political citadel, at least, if not the outworks, is assigned, in fee simple, to the intriguer and political gambler. Politics then become, like the magdalen's hospital, an asylum for which prostitution is the essen-

tial qualification. The poet Dante feigns that upon the archway of pandemonium is inscribed, "Leave hope behind;" so we might fancy that over the archway of the political sanctum, is written, "Drop conscience at the entrance."

Politics thus begin to be marked off as a distinct profession. Not that most politicians have not some other visible means of livelihood, as a break weight; for so precarious is the political game, so like fortune's frolics are the people's favors, that few dare trust to such unsubstantial humors for substantial bread. Yet so rich are the prizes displayed before the aspirant's eye, so probable the chances of his period of success, that while a few find permanent employment in political engagements, with others it forms much the larger, though not the entire purpose of life; while with others still, it is a mere episode in their history. A class of men, at any rate, there is, that graciously take the business of the people at large into their own possession; and while to the uninitiated their motto is *Hands off*, they condescend to make the management of the nation, and the pocketing of salaries, their own profession. They are versed in all the profound arts of planning measures and managing men; of creating and destroying at a *breath* (or at least with a few *puffs*) a political reputation. Like the demon in Bunyan, who swore so closely in Pilgrim's ear that Pilgrim thought himself the swearer, they manufacture public opinion for us so skilfully, that we imagine ourselves the original thinker. They are masters in the art of compromise, and adjustment, and all those exquisite arrangements by which each receives his satisfactory dividend of the common stock. And then, of all the wonders of mechanism in our day, amid all the scientific miracles of engineries, batteries, and magnetic telegraphs, no prodigy can surpass the perfection of modern political machinery. Talk of Mr. Morse's invention by which events may be known a thousand miles as soon as they happen! Politicians know, at any distance, things before they happen. And then talk of panoramas, electrical machines, and galvanic batteries! I know a living panorama, as large as the nation, along whose wire streams a more than electric power, and every man that breathes feels its thrilling touch. Let its master manager but touch a central spring,

and the vibration is felt to the nation's remotest verge. In the grand system of party police, which modern democracy has brought to so high a perfection, no power is so high as not to be brought under control, and no object so small as not to be brought under its espionage. The quiet, silent individual voter, who has taken no pains to look into the mighty automaton which is handling him for its tool, is likely to be surprised at the vigilance with which his movements are traced, his omissions and absences from the ballot-box noted, and the most respectful pains taken to secure his vote from being lost. He may have imagined himself free, in all the unwatched independence of nature; but he is taken care of, with the most active guardianship, by those who know his value as an available article of property in the political market. But if such be the fetters upon the limbs of those who hang most loosely, what must be the chains which bind together the component part of the partisan body?

Few laws are more despotic in their application than the law of party union. It has its list of heresies and crimes; its code of prescriptions, rewards, and punishments. To venture to transgress its prescribed line of duty, to decline receiving the complete equipment of party principles, like a complete suit of clothes, to allow some local question to draw one from his invariable vote with his own great presidential party, to prefer an opposite candidate from moral considerations, and to perpetrate a split ticket,—these are iniquities that have blasted the honors and emoluments of many a hopeful candidate. On the contrary, an implicit faith in the infallibility of our political church, whatever side it may take of any question however new; an implicit self-surrender and adherence to its compact, amidst all its fluctuations of principle and vicissitudes of fortune; a staunch readiness to make liberal sacrifices of purse, and still more liberal sacrifices of character and moral scruples; and more than all, an adventurous firmness, when the party good requires, to brave the thunders of the people's voice, and even trample on the people's rights, in simple faith that the silly people will soon forget to punish, while the sagacious party will never forget to reward,—these are merits that have crowned many an empty head with the

proudest official laurels, and filled still emptier pockets with thousands of treasury dollars. By these means party government secures the highest state of discipline ; straggling dissenters are soon embodied into the firm and solid phalanx ; a spirit of bold venture and daring aggression is inspired, and a fierce emulation burns in every heart to distinguish one's self by ultraism in party doctrine and heroism in party service. The political world is thus divided into two great societies, organized each with its own laws and government, both struggling for the ascendancy, and often prepared to sacrifice the public good to party expediency. Offences against the real good of the nation are venial and unnoticed, offences against the majesty of party are unpardonable and sealed over to retribution. Between these two great armies, encamped upon the national battle plain, the people have the (rather worthless) privilege of making their choice ; but woe to the chainless stragglers that venture to hover around the army skirts, or the middle men that dare to stand within the two : the former are likely to be hung as spies, detecting the villainies of either party ; while the latter are likely to be shot down by the concentrating musketry of both.

A party interest thus established, distinctly from the public interest, sustained by means in which a large body of the quiet and conscientious community, as they look on, can take no approving share, it becomes a common object with both parties, to put such uncomfortable spectators at the greatest possible distance. And such a distance, they are themselves but too much inclined to assume. If either party, indeed, could embody them soundly into its ranks, it would rejoice in its increase of numbers. But they make bad party soldiers. They presume to think for themselves, whether the commander's orders are just, and the cause he fights for righteous. They most absurdly expect politicians to be saints ; they are ever proposing measures of puritanical reform ; they are not fond of the noise and profligacy of the camp ; and, on the whole, it is far preferable to drive them to an indefinite distance, than to be embarrassed in the freedom of tactical movements by the presence of such criticising and impracticable adherents.

Of the various modes by which the more reflective part of com-

munity are induced to withdraw from the contest, I shall mention but two, namely, the pretended danger of a union of church and state ; and the established maxim that immorality of personal conduct is no objection against a political character.

A few years since, the political welkin resounded with the hue and cry, that our liberties were in danger from a national union of church and state. This pitiful fiction, never sincerely believed by those whose lungs most loudly reëchoed, and least of all, by those who fabricated it, served, indeed, as a tocsin to rally the foes and scatter the friends of a purer tone of public sentiment. Never was a clamor more empty of decent common sense ; yet never was falsity more effective. It disheartened the efforts of the good ; it paralyzed the moral energy of the nation ; it silenced the voice of moral rebuke ; it depraved the tone of public sentiment ; it gave a sure and complete ascendancy to boisterous clamor and reckless profligacy.

So little respect, and so little fear have I, as an individual, for this demagogue cant, that I am greatly predisposed to believe any thing it denies, and to suspect any thing it favors. Could I find just reasons for approving a union of church and state, no regard for such clamor would silence my utterance. And thus much I find historically certain, that the time has been in the world's history, when the union of church and state was a blessing to the world ; and where evil has been produced, the church has been the first and greatest sufferer. When Constantine introduced the church into power, he brought a conservative principle into the structure of the empire. That conservative principle could not, indeed, arrest the downfall of the empire, nor prevent its crash into a thousand fragments ; but like an angel of rescue, from the very elements of ruin, the church proceeded to remodel a fair and goodly creation. The church, swaying a mighty *temporal* influence, tamed the rude horde of barbarian invaders ; developed the different states of the continent from their chaotic elements ; inspired them with all of holy and spiritual sentiments they were capable of receiving ; organized Europe into a great sacred republic, and laid the broad and deep foundations of modern civilization. But where the carcass is, thither will the eagles gather—where power exists, thither will politicians

run. They found, in the middle ages, that the true place of power was in a churchman's gown or beneath a cardinal's hat, and soon assuming and masquerading in these habiliments, they "played such fantastic tricks before high heaven as make even angels weep." And when deliverance came from the oppressive dynasty of these politicians of the cowl and the tiara, the apostle of spiritual emancipation was neither a statesman nor a layman—but a Christian preacher. "Modern liberty," says Mackintosh, "took its rise in a discussion about justification by faith"—and its champion, we may add, was Martin Luther. When, in the feuds of diplomatists and warriors, the doctrine of toleration was subsequently lost, its revivers and first propagators, if I mistake not, will be found in the United States of Holland, and among the followers of that accomplished scholar, profound divine and holy man, JAMES ARMINIUS. And when in that most Protestant part of the British isles, Scotland, the spirit of both civil and religious liberty rose in opposition to ancient oppression, who was the living impersonation of that spirit? In honor of that illustrious man—without any sanction of the peculiar dogmas of his creed—we may answer, John Knox. And we rejoice to say, that after years of slumber, the inheritors of his creed have awaked to the possession of his spirit. The sublime movement of the free church of Scotland, shows that when the pure spirit of religion lives or revives in a church, she repels the foul embrace of state policy, and goes forth, glorious in her humility, mighty in her weakness, the very emblem at once of faith and freedom.

A large part of community thus distanced or silenced by the church-and-state outcry, it is a very easy matter for the authors of that panic to establish the second maxim, that in the nomination and selection of a political candidate, moral character is no legitimate subject of consideration.

The professional politicians, being in the unmolested possession of the caucus—that power behind the sovereign people's throne, greater than the throne itself—require that the candidate they put up shall be free from any political heresies, and from any of those meannesses which sink him below the code of honor adopted by his peers. If he be a coward, a perjurer, or bribed, it is a disqual-

ification ; but if he have killed his man in a duel, if he be flagitiously licentious, if he disregard the rules of morality specifically Christian, trampling upon the Sabbath, and uttering profanity, these are more honorable and manly vices, which might prevent his nomination in a conventicle of puritans, but never in a caucus of politicians. True it is, that when the case comes to a public and newspaper contest, party editors will use them as matters of assault against an opponent ; not because the said editor or his party have any dislike to them, but because a few of the opposite party may ; and thus a few votes may be subtracted from the rival's candidate.

All these gentlemanly and congressional vices are no preventive to the nomination, or to the availability of a candidate, just because the caucus managers know that the puritans and quietists, at least a great share of them, will not vote ; that one half of them who do vote, are so far partisan that they would not perpetrate the crime of a split ticket ; and the other half have imbibed the sound political doctrine that moral objections have nothing to do with politics ; and both halves are quite convinced that not to support the regular candidate, is to throw away their vote.

It may indeed be said, that private immorality is perfectly consistent with public integrity ; and that both are often combined in the same person. The principle of honor in the absence of conscientious principle, is a perfectly ample basis for a firm structure of public virtues ; and as official functions are a mere agency which the incumbent is delegated to perform, his private immorality has nothing to do with his fitness for their performance.

But can we forget that popular suffrage places its favorite at the summit of human elevation, and invests him with a commanding influence over the tone of public morality ? Can we forget the baneful influence which exalted rank and eminent talent confer upon the loosest sentiments and most depraved conduct ? As are the gods, such are the worshippers ; as the leaders, so the followers. One example of talented profligacy, displayed on high, as the favorite of the nation, the idol of the old, and the model of the young, is a preacher of wickedness quite sufficient to neutralize a

hundred sermons eloquently thundered from all the pulpits in the land.

Of this latitudinarian principle that personal profligacy is to diminish no man's claim to public station, our public men have taken a most ample advantage. To what other cause shall we attribute the increase among our men in high station, and especially in our legislative and congressional halls, of a spirit of unparalleled Vandalism? What mean that outrage in language and that bullyism in conduct, that have transformed our high councils of state into a club of pugilists, where every other law is postponed to the law of fisticuffs? Shall we be told, these are but temporary ebullitions of passion, from which we are to draw no inferences against the permanent character? But what means this continuity of outbursts, from session to session, during the last twelve years, if it be not a demonstration of a *permanent spirit of ruffianism*? Shall we be told that these are, nevertheless, the turbulence of a few, not attributable to the great quiet majority? But what means that easy tone of conceded impunity, by which, not a majority, but a unanimity seems to say, in audible words, our character is sunk to the bear-garden level, and our dignity is not worth an attempt at vindication? Who, of all the heroes of our Congress rows, have been made a proper example of severity? What ruffian has ever been expelled? But we may be answered, that this great body is no indication of the real character of the people—the sound-hearted, the incorruptible people—that fountain of purity, sanctity, &c., &c.

But when did a public fray ever prevent a congress bully from a reëlection? It was repeated popular elections that sent our Henry A. Wises, and our Dr. Duncans to these annual exhibitions of national disgrace. It is at the ballot-box, then, that lies the fountain of corruption; it is in the rottenness of the people's heart. And when I say the *people*, I mean the politician's people; the people of the ballot-box; whose character is most infallibly decided by its decisions. I mean, in fine, the *fierce mobocratic*, who have originated the principle that recklessness of personal character and conduct shall deprive no candidate of a suffrage, and who have brow-beaten the rest of community into a concession of this maxim.

It seems to me to be not only the right, but the duty, of every man who has a conscience and a voice, to utter his reprobation, deep, strong and unceasing, upon these national outrages upon decency and civilization, by the people's representatives within the people's council halls. It is not merely that the national reputation is degraded in the eyes of the civilized world ; though in sober sadness, this is most plentifully the fact. It is not merely that the national character becomes deeply corrupted and depraved ; though the amount of that result is appalling. It is that the very foundations of our free institutions are receiving an irreparable shock ; that the very vital principles of republicanism are receiving their extinguisher. Wisely was it said, some years ago, by an orator within that house, " that no military chieftain could lay low the republican institutions of this country, until upon that floor, republicanism had been rendered odious and contemptible in the eyes of the people." That within the last few years a reign of terror has prevailed in our House of Representatives, that our Congress has become a by-word for turbulence, and a synonym for legislative mob, that this character is increasing and permanent, and fast tending to the ultimatum when senators must legislate with pistols in their pockets and bowie knives at their sides, is just as certain, as that such must be the case, while the moral sense of the country is dormant, and every other sense so active and energetic.

The political field being cleared, by the means I have described, of all moral interference, the evils that ensue when its place is usurped by self-interest, intrigue, and turbulence, are far more easy, and perhaps far more useful, than it is agreeable to trace.

The field, then, being free, the campaign has now to be planned, and the battle to be fought. It is not mine to lift the veil, and reveal the secret springs of power, in the conclaves and juntas at the fountain head, from whom starts the very first impulse of movement. But the perfection to which the hidden machinery has arrived is fully attested by the increased power of its action, and the increased volume, beyond all ratio, of its effect.

In tracing the steps of those mighty quadriennial convulsions, that sweep, like a revolution, over our country, the great purpose of which

is to decide upon the possessor of the nation, we find, of course, the 'central spring at Washington. And here the first great evil presents itself, in the form of congressional interference in the great business of president-making. The purpose for which our national representatives are chosen is national legislation, and not presidential caucusing. The real business of the nation is neglected, while business with which these gentlemen have nothing to do, engrosses their minds and time. Questions of the greatest interest are decided, not on their own merits, but with a view to political effect. Hence a tardy and neglected legislation through the earlier months of the session, and a most hasty and doubly negligent legislation at the close. And this evil is aggravated by the days after days expended in political harangues, in a style quite below the average level of our village newspapers. The immense expenditure of public money thus annually lavished, is a consideration which would long since have aroused our mighty dollar-and-cent nation to rebellion, were it not the interest of politicians, of both parties, to soothe, rather than rouse such an agitation. It is even amusing to see how abuses, in which both parties of professional and salaried managers, as well as all who hope such a portion, have an equal interest, are perfectly invisible to the keen eyes of that mighty beast of burden, the mass of tax-paying unofficals. We have, I suppose, regular arithmeticians, to cipher out for us the sum total which our paupers at home cost us; but no informant is careful to tell us the terrible annual cost of the public pensionaries, who lounge and sport in our national infirmary of incurables. Never was a nation pretending to be free, more severely taxed for a more useless purpose, than the subjects of King Caucus, when obliged to foot the bill which our Congress is annually pleased irresponsibly to run up. Whether this taxation is not as irremovable as it is profitless, depends upon the questions whether human ingenuity can contrive a plan of relief; and whether the people can ever awake to a reform of an evil, which both political partisanships are interested in preventing.

In the first place, how shall a strong public sentiment be created, more powerful than law, pronouncing in the ears of our national

legislators that *they have no business with politice*? How novel the paradox! and yet what more plainly true? By politics, I mean the active agitation of, and the usurping interference with, the great question, who is to be our President; and consequently, who are to be our entire set of officials, down frequently to our very street cleaner. With this question, Congress has no more right to interfere than our Supreme Court; and it would be a blessing to the nation, did public opinion impose upon them the same dignified reserve. If a political harangue from the bench would be extra-judicial, a political harangue in the House of Representatives ought to be extra-congressional. While the present system continues, however, Washington will be the theatre, and congress-men the actors, in the first scene of the political drama.

In the second place, how shall reform not only confine the national legislature to its own business, but stay the propensity to voluminous speechifying and interminable sessions? We answer, let our Washington legislators indulge in this amusement at their own expense, and their game is up. Brother Jonathan is proverbially shrewd at a bargain; how was he ever noodled into the folly of allowing a set of spendthrift servants of his fix their own wages? It is a perfect burlesque on his knack at driving a trade. No other class of official men, I believe, have the right to pocket ad libitum up to their estimate of their own value. It may be asked, how then should they be priced? I answer, let no animal in the market, at any rate, fix his own price. If no wiser plan can be adopted, let the vote of every district fix the price they will pay the workmen they select to do their job. To limit the long sessions (if I may propose an expedient which will need no patent to secure my right of invention) let them be paid more than handsomely the first four weeks; and after that period, for each successive week, let the price be cut down one-half; until by successive halvings they dissolve for want of pay, or else stay to try the infinite divisibility of matter.

But whatever may be the plan which more practical reformers than myself could invent, my main purpose is to develop unflinchingly the evil. Congress *is*, at the present time, a great central

planning and electioneering committee ; supported by public money, whose ostensible but subordinate purpose is to make laws, but whose real and predominant business is to make presidents.

Under such auspices the candidates having been arrayed, and the plan of the campaign having been laid, the agitators take the field and the surges of excitement begin to heave. All the apparatus of disturbance is set into operation to rouse the popular mass into wild and high commotion. Affiliated clubs, associations, and central committees, the machineries of commotion, start into being ; the press groaningly flings off its daily and weekly, regular and extra papers, pamphlets, squibs and essays. Stump oratory of all magnitudes, qualities, and quantities, pours forth its cataracts—from the young maiden spouter, to the crack spokesman of the clique, and even up to the itinerant honorable or right honorable, who humbles his senatorial dignity to pour upon a ragged miscellany of humanity, the thunder of his big guns, to reverberate through the nation. Around these noisy nuclei gather in wild clamor all the excitability of the country. The more select caucus, the pompous convention, the mid-day street meeting, the evening rally, the overwhelming *mass gathering*, rolling out the countless population of almost whole States at once, sweep over the nation their heaving billows of agitation. Amid these scenes, the floating banner flares upon the eyesight ; the notes of martial music intoxicate the senses ; peals of artillery stun the reason, while the reeling majesty of Prince Mob is quickening its genius, or drowning its cares, in flowing oceans of hard cider. The muse of democracy, official laureate of his drunken majesty, mounts her spavined Pegasus, and with voice cracked in the effort, pours forth countless ballads in doggerel that defy metre, and jingle on names that defy rhyme. And thus amidst the madness of his own revelries, and the roars of his own hurrahs, does the rabble-monarch, in his log-cabin council chamber, with his hickory-pole sceptre, sway the government and decide the destinies of a great nation.

Well may the reflective spectator of such a scene, observing how great has been the increase of unthinking excitement in our political world for the last ten years, calculate that this is to be a great ruling

cause to produce a radical change for the worse, of national character. As the immense increase of the means of rapid locomotion keeps up a perpetual commingling and agitation of elements ; and the lightning speed of communicating intelligence increases, beyond all measurements, the transmission of excitement, the public mind is acquiring the habit that demands and lives upon it. The national activity is becoming more intense ; the national nerve is growing more spasmodic ; the national mind is becoming more thirsty for excitement. The great political cauldron, ever boiling with the commotion of its heterogeneous elements, is ready to *burst* with its "hubble bubble toil and trouble." Lost to reflection and calmness, the very creature of excitement, the whole nation is becoming as one great city—one tremendous Paris.

A reflective observer will detect the skill with which the master managers are changing from their appeals to the reason and the moral sense, and substituting artful impulses upon the passions and imagination. These are the days of cant-words and mottoes, of doggerel couplets and cantering ballads. A good rhyme is better than a thousand reasons ; and a well-raised hurrah, sent from one end of the nation to the other, is better than a library of arguments.

Such an observer will also remark, that when the question is really brought to the mass, the *military candidate* is very sure of the highest favor. The minds of our voting population have not yet risen above the vulgar admiration of corporeal courage and gunpowder glory. Happy the candidate who has a rhymable name ; but to incur a homely nickname, associated with military exploits, Old Hickory, Old Tip, or Old Ironsides, is worth more to the possessor than the statesmanship of a Cecil, the diplomacy of a Talleyrand, or the oratory of a Chatham. Prince Mob has a pair of lengthy ears, that hugely relish the braying of arms and battles, but have as little perception of intellectual glory, as of the music of the spheres. Whenever our ultra heroic politicians shall have made our republican legislation sufficiently contemptible, when the restless turbulence of our mobocracy has rendered popular elections a weariness, when a war, foreign or civil, has surrounded some chieftain with military

power and glory, then will this blind military mania bring on the consummation. The populace will gladly exchange the stale tumults of their own gatherings for the more splendid parade of military and imperial galas; and the calm thinkers will joyfully dismiss the turbulence of the myriad-headed tyrant, for the quiet sway of a single-handed despot.

But these, I may be told, are the sombre pictures and fearful forebodings of an alarmist. It may be so. But who will be so sanguine as to deny that there is likeness enough in the picture to justify, if not the loudest alarm, certainly the most serious inquiry after a REMEDY for present evils and prospective dangers?

I. And the first *remedy* is in the conservative power of sober public opinion. It is not by silent acquiescence, or a hasty under-rating of evils and dangers, that we can escape them. The very silence of moral rebuke gives license and boldness to the evil. There are thousands who are thoughtlessly swelling the amount of the evil, from very unconsciously of its nature and magnitude. There are thousands who act upon the principle, that while they are to be strictly conscientious in other things, the election ground lies out of the territory of responsibility. There are thousands of conscientious men, who are aiding in giving overwhelming power to party organizations, and banishing moral considerations; ready perhaps to join the paltry cry of church and state, and in driving from the contest those who are more rigid than themselves in carrying conscience into politics. These act under the influence of a prevailing low sense of political morality, which they, in turn, assist in creating. And yet they might easily, under a better influence, rise to a higher and healthier moral tone. Let, then, every organ of the moral sense speak. Let every conscientious press speak; without treading upon party grounds, let the pulpit and the church speak. Let every sober, conscientious man speak. No doubt opposition enough will present itself, designed to overawe and suppress such expression, and secure the dominion of old silence. Let it come, in any form it pleases; and meet it with a breast that shrinks not, and a tongue that falters not.

II. In the second place, it may be most seriously doubted whether the magnitude of the pecuniary rewards of political success, is not one great cause of the violence of political contests. Were not the official salaries of our national government so large, office seekers would be fewer, their pecuniary expenditures would be less lavish, and the contest would become less selfish and mercenary, and more a matter of moral principle. It is with the funds drawn in the form of salaries from the public pocket, that our elections are rendered corrupt and violent. Men can afford to expend largely, and fight fiercely, when they expect to be paid richly. The people pay the expense of heating the iron poker which is thrust into their own vitals.

I know that our political brethren, of both parties, will bring the most strenuous argumentation against a proposition so fatal to their independent vocation. Large salaries in our general government, we are told, are necessary to command the talent of the country, to support the dignity of official station, and to prevent the rich from engrossing offices of which they alone could bear the expense. But we are far from believing, that the present mercenary principle procures any special superiority of either talent or probity for the political profession. When we compare the talent of the political with the ministerial and literary professions, for instance, the amount of talent in the latter may be fairly pronounced quite equal, and, of moral purity, far superior. Yet large salaries, according to the political standard, were not necessary to call a Mason, a Beecher, a Channing, a Bascom, into their profession; men who may fearlessly be compared with the tallest political intellects of our country. There are some postmasters who, without any great value of natural or acquired qualifications, receive higher salaries than the occupants of our highest literary stations, namely, our College Presidents; yet these ill-paid stations could command their Dwights, their Waylands, and their Fisks; and even our professorships, their Sillimans, their Anthons, and their Stuarts.

The pretended necessity of large salaries to support the dignity of official station in our general government, is a *self-created* difficulty. The disproportionate amount of political compensation has created

that standard of expensiveness which has rendered great salaries requisite. By this means our national capital, Washington, especially, has been rendered the centre of national extravagance, the annual rendezvous for national dissipation; where courtly vice has played pranks of dissolute folly, quite rivalling the licentious capitals of Europe. In consequence, the standard of demanded style in the country is raised; and every other profession is forced, in self-defence, to heighten its level. If our national salaries had been ten times greater, the standard would have been ten times more prodigal, and the necessity ten times more pressing. Bring the political down to the ordinary standard of intellectual professions, and you take away a large share of the selfish turbulence of politics. You destroy in a great degree that bane of our country, *a separate political trade; you melt it back into the mass of the country; and every man becomes, as he should be, politician enough for his country's good.* Office-seekers will not invest much in politics, when even success will pay poorly; and the control of our elections would not be engrossed by the sordid and mercenary few, but would become the common quiet business upon principle of the whole people. And thus, if I have spoken with some unceremonious disrespect of the politician's be-praised and be-worshipped *people*, when the real interests of the genuine *people* come in question, I may be found a little too democratic for modern democracy itself.

III. In the third place, there should be a unanimous protest against the bestowment and withdrawal of civil offices, as rewards for political adherence, and punishment for political heresy. Proscription for opinion's sake is most violently denounced by politicians in all others, but practised by none so unblushingly as by themselves. It is the open and avowed rule of action. The founders of our glorious constitution could not have dreamed, that the whole amount of executive patronage, increased incalculably, and still increasing, by the vast enlargements of our Union, could, in so short a time, be regularly transformed into a great system for the control and suppression of free opinion. The general public silence upon this subject, and the easy acquiescence of the reflecting community, are but another proof

of the mighty power of the political profession. True, indeed, each party can pour forth strains of exquisite pathos, when it becomes the victim of proscription ; but the tragedy becomes all farce when the spectator knows that the victim only wants power to become the executioner. True, also, now and then some tame paragraphs upon political violence are published ; but these sound much like the trite moralities uttered upon intemperance before the bold and earnest appeals of the temperance reformation went forth. Where is the reformer who, with trumpet peals, can wake a nation's heart upon this subject ? Violent, of course, must be our national elections when it is known that the selection of our President decides, more or less directly, the possession of tens of thousands of official stations and salaries, civil, military, naval, and ecclesiastical, high and low, from the secretaryship of the state down to the sweepership of our streets. These countless salaries are one immense fund for the formation of political legionaries, and the payment of political service. The fund which once existed in England for the purpose of bribing political partisans, advancing public morality has abolished ; but it may be doubted whether posts and salaries, conferred as a *quid pro quo* for political adherence, are not as true a bribe as the money without the office. It ought to brand any administration or opposition with infamy, that it can make an unblushing appeal, not to the pure, unbought republican sense of the people, but to the ambition and cupidity, the fear and the interest, the pride and the pockets. And not merely does this system subsidize its myriads of office *holders*, but the ten times ten thousand hosts of office *expectants*, who are thus arrayed in one vast standing army, bound, by ties of moneyed interest, to sustain any measures of their party or administration.

IV. In the fourth place, every honest man who has a right to vote, has no right to withhold his vote. If there be any excuse for those immense national agitations, so systematically pursued, it is that it is impossible to call out every class, and every individual of every class, without shaking every part of the social system. Each party, to gain the splendid prize, must exert every nerve to fix the wavering,

to rouse the sluggish, to find the concealed, to discipline the scattered, and to suborn the corrupt. Above all, there is a large reserve class of men, who love not our politics, who are too refined for their grossness or too pious for their dissoluteness. Such men, in ordinary contests, are sure to stay at home ; and it is not until they can be fairly drowned out with the deluge of enthusiasm, that they can be brought to action. Hence these very quietists are, in a great degree, responsible for the very turbulence they condemn. There are thousands of conscientious men, who suppose that the elective franchise is indeed a noble right, but its exercise a mere matter of option. Others esteem it a matter of mere convenience, and will condescend to take the trouble only when a sent carriage brings them to the polls, a vote is put into their hands, and they only required to hold it between thumb and finger. Others there are who hold it a moral merit to omit to vote. "I have as little to do," says such a one, "as any other man, with politics or politicians ; I leave them to settle their own dirty intrigues in their own way : " and he looks as righteous as if he had performed a work of great merit, instead of committing a breach of duty against himself, his country, and his God.

And what is this vile business called politics ? It is the deciding upon the government and destiny of our country ; the settling the question frequently of war and peace, of freedom and oppression, of religion and irreligion ; the fixing whether our lives and property shall be secure, and our very homes sacred. It is useless to reply that it is not at every election that questions so momentous as these are decided. Many are the elections, since my remembrance, in which questions like these have been involved. And those very elections at which these vital questions are directly decided, are frequently indirectly controlled by the previous contest. So that every great election will, more or less, involve, in the long run, the most sacred interests of the whole country.

It is therefore every man's duty to vote, and to vote on every general occasion. Solon made it penal in Athens for any freeman to neglect to vote, for he knew the tendency of political power to be engrossed by the turbulent and bad. I have no scruple to say

that it ought to be the law in our own country, that the man who does not vote should be penally treated. I would at least double his taxes ; so that if he refused to serve his country in one way, he should do it in another.

Every honest man has a claim upon the vote of every other honest man. Every honest voter owes to me the duty of giving his vote ; and I have a right to say to such a man,—“ Pay me what thou owest. Your vote, sir, is my right, as it is my safety ; it is my only protection against the usurpers that are engrossing the possession of the country. It is your omission and negligence which combine with the intrigue and turbulence of others to overwhelm all we hold dear, in ruin. Ruin yourself, if you will, but you have no right to ruin me.”

Nor is it that quiet, honest man's duty to fling in a silent vote for the candidate imposed, by the political profession, upon him. It is his duty, in the spirit of holy calmness, to make his assuaging influence felt in the nominations. Would the great body of the now retired and secluded absentees but come forth and possess the ground, it may not yet be too late to make politics *cease to be a special profession* ; would they carry thither the spirit of unyielding sobriety and purity, the increasing recklessness of partisan immorality may be checked, and the ballot-box may be a great instrument wherewith a great people shall regenerate itself ; if they will but vote regularly and conscientiously, not by impulse but by principle, those great convulsions that sweep like a revolution over the country, will become unnecessary for the purpose of bringing out the moral strength of the country. Then will our great elections be as they should be, the solemn, majestic act of a mighty people, in the presence of the God of nations, discharging the highest responsibilities of self-government, the holiest rite of freedom.

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